

a
GERMANY CAN BE BEATEN IN 1943

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

BUSINESS FACES A CHANGING WORLD

By ERIC JOHNSTON

President, U. S. Chamber of Commerce

DECEMBER 1942

The American Mercury



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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscription, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright 1942 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mex-

ico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

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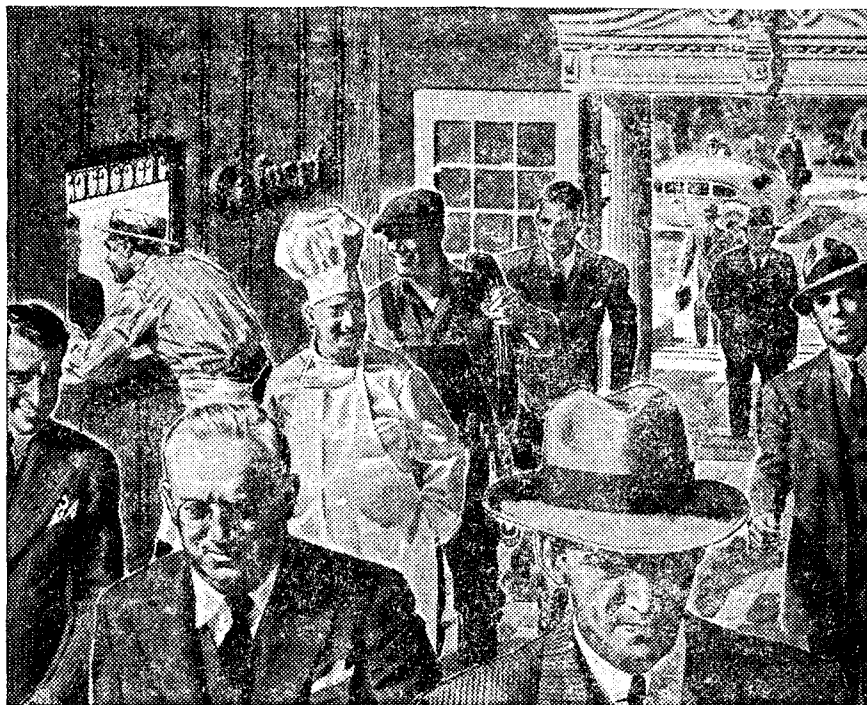
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The American MERCURY

GERMANY CAN BE DEFEATED IN 1943

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE
Author of *The Fight for Air Power*

THIS article outlines a plan of action by which Germany can be defeated in 1943. The presentation is the writer's responsibility, but he can state that the plan is favored by many of the ablest officers of the United States Army Air Force.

The position of these Air Force officers at this time should be understood. Most of them qualify on their records as "American De Gaulles." They are the men who foresaw the character of this war. Their military judgment has been vindicated and their vision proved by events. By a fair standard of appraisal, they are among our most brilliant officers. They went to West Point and Annapolis with the other generals and admirals and they learned to command ground

troops and surface ships before they learned to fly. They attended all the war schools. The only difference between them and other officers was that they foresaw the potentialities of air power and thus fought to develop the military airplane and tried to learn how to use it.

Yet at this pivotal moment, the air officers still occupy secondary positions in our military system. Our high board of strategy consists of the President, Admiral Leahy, Admiral King and General Marshall. Not one of these men is a trained air officer and nothing in the record of any of them indicates a broad understanding of air power. Indeed, the pre-Pearl Harbor positions and utterances of the first three indicate a tragic *misunder-*

standing of air power. Admiral King wears a pair of wings which he was given after a brief sojourn at Pensacola when he was forty-nine years old. General Marshall has evidenced more grasp of air power than has any of the others, but he remains primarily a capable ground officer.

To fight a war in which the airplane has been proved to be the primary offensive weapon, we are depending for high strategy upon four men, not one of whom has been trained in the employment of that primary offensive weapon!

Moreover, the Navy maintains a vast public relations department one of whose functions is to "sell" the Navy and the Navy viewpoint. Several active and retired naval officers write and lecture to this end. Admiral Thomas C. Hart's recent articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* were geared to sell the Navy's plan for "amphibious" war in the Pacific, to sell the movement to create a land-based air force under Navy command. There is nothing wrong with the Navy's making a sincere effort to sell its views, though the air officers are opposed solidly to Admiral Hart's proposals, particularly to the Navy plan for dividing land-based air equipment and duplicating land-based facilities.

The danger lies in the fact that the air officers, while lacking proper representation on our board of strategy, also lack the publicity advantages enjoyed by the Navy. The Army Air Force public relations department is under the control of the General Staff, which is dominated by ground officers. Ground officers control the Army censorship machinery; the Navy and the ground Army control the communications; and there is no comparable group of retired air officers engaged in "selling" the Air Force viewpoint. The recent "gagging" of Colonel Hugh J. Knerr by Secretary of War Stimson and Colonel Knerr's subsequent recall to active duty silenced one of the most effective voices the Air Force had found.¹

Thus, at the very time when the voice of our most progressive officers needs to be heard, it is missing both from our highest council table and from the public forum. When the Army Air Force is expanded to proposed size, it will be twice the size of the Navy and nearly the size of the ground combat forces — yet this vast organiza-

¹ Colonel Knerr's articles appeared exclusively in *THE MERCURY*. His contributions since June 1942 included the following titles: *The Dangerous Struggle in Our War Command*; *The Navy Command Fights For Headlines*; *The Admirals and Air Power*; *We'll Bomb By Daylight*; and *The Winter War For Air Mastery*.

tion remains within the control of ground officers and is in an inferior command position to the Navy! As long as this condition obtains, the only way the air officers can present and "sell" their viewpoint will be through sympathetic "typewriter strategists." Accordingly, the author presents herewith a plan favored by many air officers for proceeding against Germany.

There must be no moratorium on sincere discussions of strategy in this country. France fell because public criticism could not reach the Supreme Command, because the De Gaulles could not be substituted for the Gamelins in time.

II

This plan for the defeat of Germany in 1943 can be described as the *rim-of-the-wheel plan*. Think of Germany as being the hub of a wheel. Think of England, North Africa, the Middle East, and Russia as the rim of this wheel. Germany's location at the hub gives her classic advantages in ground warfare. She has the interior lines of supply so important in surface fighting. She can shift her weight easily and hurl superior forces against varying sectors of the rim. When we attempt a surface assault against Germany, we must accept

all the disadvantages of the rim position.

Our problem, then, from the beginning, has been two-fold: How to make war effectively from the rim of the wheel and how to land ground means on hostile shores defended by air power.

The air officers considered these problems and noted certain advantages in our rim position. While the hub of the wheel is the position of advantage against surface attack, it may become the position of disadvantage if the primary attack is through the air. An air force coming from the dispersed rim and attacking the concentrated hub has advantages over the opposing air force, which must protect its concentrated sources. It seemed logical, then, that a proper strategy against Germany would seek to exploit the advantages of the rim position and to minimize the disadvantages.

The air officers then presented these two conclusions:

1. The primary objective of Allied surface arms should be to seize and secure the entire rim of the wheel. This meant the "seizing and securing" of North Africa and the Middle East, and the sending of all aid necessary to "secure" England and Russia.

2. The primary objective of Al-

lied air arms should be to mount a steadily increasing air offensive against *the sources* of German strength.

When the entire rim of the wheel could be secured against further assault by the German Army, when the German Army could be contained within the rim, and when German production could be brought under bombardment from all sectors of the rim while our own production remained free from bombardment and continued to mount — then victory would be certain and would be only a matter of time.

The function of land power would be to secure the rim and maintain a “pressure defensive” against Germany, ready to drive in when German production was reduced properly; the function of sea power would be to supply the rim; and the function of air power would be, primarily, to reduce German production, and, secondarily, to aid the other arms in tactical operations.

There, simply, is the thinking process of a progressive air officer when he considers war against Germany. With this general plan in mind, he examines the map and concludes further in detail:

1. ENGLAND. American air officers have never shared the ground

officer’s enthusiasm for England as a base for surface operations against Germany. The reason is fairly obvious. England itself is a miniature hub of a wheel of which the continent is a sort of rim. The more means poured into England, the better target England makes for German air power. England lacks room for proper dispersal and dispersal is the word in modern warfare. Colonel Lindbergh was thinking like an airman when he said that you can’t attack a continent from an island.²

From the beginning, the air officers have wanted to send only enough ground means to England to insure England against surface assault and to maintain it as a “position in readiness” for surface attack on the continent. This done, the air officers have insisted that all *offensive* means sent to England should be air means. Naturally, this

² In connection with the rim-of-the-wheel strategy for beating Germany, the following, from the article “Why Lindbergh Is Wrong,” by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, in *THE MERCURY* for May 1941, is significant: “He (Lindbergh) was correct when he said that Germany now has a strategic advantage because its air bases surround the British Isles in a semicircle from Narvik to the Bay of Biscay. But he failed to note that the condition is by no means eternal. . . . In the same sense that Germany today surrounds England, the Empire and its allies surround Germany and the conquered area under its tutelage. The range of striking air forces is being quickly enlarged, and with every increase, the strategic relation between Europe and Britain tends to be reversed. We come ever closer to the day when Germany, all of Europe, will be the center of a circle of hostile Air Power. Recent British entrenchments in Africa, for instance, foreshadow that encirclement.”

strategy has been criticized constantly by those who have cried out for an immediate "second front" from England. Certain ground officers who have supported the "second front" theory have confused our strategy and have, in some cases, retarded the building up of our air assault from England by insisting on rushing offensive ground means to England.

However desirable a "second front" may have appeared and may still appear, and whatever may have been said about America's favoring the second front and Churchill's opposing the second front, it can be stated here that the second land front from England has never been militarily feasible and *may not be feasible until very late in 1943*.

Should the rim-of-the-wheel strategy be employed against Germany, no more American troops or tanks would be sent to England or Ireland. England is already secure against German surface assault. England is already a "position in readiness" for surface assault against Germany at a proper time. So every available ton of shipping between this country and England would be devoted to building up our air attack against the sources of German power.

2. AFRICA. From the beginning,

the American air officer has regarded Africa as the proper primary base for American operations. Africa offers all the advantages which England lacks. It is not a hub surrounded by a rim; it is not an island dominated by a continent. It is itself a continent with ample room for dispersal. Both our surface and air supply routes to Africa are relatively free from attack. We can locate war industries in Africa and alleviate the supply problem. And, above all, Africa offers three convenient "bridges" into Europe: the Gibraltar bridge, the bridge across Sicily to Italy, and the bridge which leads through the middle East.

For the record, let us report here that many months before we entered the war an American air officer had prepared a comprehensive plan which called for the concentration of American ground and air strength in North Africa. This plan is no secret to the enemy since Colonel Donovan had a copy of it on his trip through the Balkans, when he was relieved of his brief case in Bulgaria.

The chief reason why Africa attracted the airman's attention was that it was the weakest sector of the rim of the wheel. England and Russia already were held by strong ground and air forces. Thus, if the

German Army was to be contained within the rim, it was this country's responsibility to move quickly to Africa and the Middle East and make those sectors of the rim as fast as the English and Russian sectors.

If we employ this strategy against Germany, the primary objective of American and British ground forces this winter will be to destroy Marshal Rommel's forces and to secure North Africa. Then, lying behind the buffer of the Mediterranean, our ground armies will mass along the land bridges and increase the surface pressure on Germany, while our bombers, operating from widely dispersed fields, proceed to fire the Italian cities and attack Southeast Europe.

3. THE MIDDLE EAST. The Middle East, always important because of its oil, has become even more vital with the German drive into the Caucasus. No sector of the rim is now more important and the responsibility for securing it is British and American. We must maintain contact with the Russian armies and we must try desperately to support the Russian flank. If Marshal Rommel could be eliminated, the situation would be eased, since our strength from Africa could then flow into the Middle East.

The Middle East is also important because of its bombardment advantages. Already our bombers from there are punching away at the Rumanian oil fields. Soon we may be able to launch effective raids against the German supply lines into Russia. The Germans use heavy, poorly-defended, Junkers transport planes to carry the bulk of their combat supplies to the Volga and these planes should be like fat geese to our fighter craft.

The Germans are expected to make their most determined effort against the Middle East this winter, and if they can be held, the rim of the wheel will have been hammered around them by spring.

4. RUSSIA. The possibility of inflicting final defeat on Germany in 1943 is due, primarily, to the magnificent performance of Russian land and air power in 1941 and 1942. The fact that the Russians have held so much of the German force at their sector of the rim of the wheel has made it possible for us to secure partially the other three sectors. Had it not been for Russian resistance, Rommel would probably have driven us out of the African and Middle East sectors and victory over Germany would have been postponed for many more years.

Because certain air officers have

not favored the land assault from England does not mean that they have opposed aid to Russia. They have favored all practicable aid to Russia, particularly through the Middle East. But they have considered the risk of Russian defeat to be a lesser risk than the alternative. It has not been necessary and it is not now necessary for the Russian Army to be able to conduct offensive operations against the German Army. Pressure defense in Russia can win just as it can along the other sectors of the rim. All that is necessary is for the Russians to hold — to *contain* — the German Army at some line in their country. Then, as the pressure increases from all sectors of the rim — as American and British troops attack from England, as American and Free French troops attack through Spain and Italy, as American and British troops attack through the Middle East — then the great Russian offensive can begin.

III

If the United Nations can secure the rim and successfully contain the German Army for a period of six months, is there any doubt that air power, striking from all sectors of the rim, can reduce German strength to a point where the

European walls will crack under pressure of ground movements?

The favorite sport of those who belittle air power is to contend that air power is impotent because German air power couldn't defeat England. It is commonly assumed that because the Luftwaffe was at first so successful the Germans had attained the maximum development of air power. As a matter of fact, historians will one day confirm what Major de Seversky has already indicated in his analysis of the Battle of Britain in his book *Victory Through Air Power*: that Germany lost this war because her leaders failed to develop air power properly. The German airplanes were developed to help ground armies advance and they performed this function with great success. But when the German planes attempted the independent mission of reducing English industry, they proved to be hopelessly inadequate.

In the most effective raid the Germans made during the Battle of Britain, they dropped 240 tons of bombs a night, indiscriminately, on Coventry. When the British raided Cologne this year, they dropped three thousand tons of bombs and virtually wiped out the city. Yet those bombs, too, were dropped at night and indiscriminately.

One thousand Flying Fortresses can go to Berlin in broad daylight, shoot down scores of German fighter planes along the way, and drop 3500 tons of bombs with the precision of artillery fire. None of those bombs need be wasted knocking down homes; they can all be dropped on factories — *sources* of German strength.

Suppose the Germans held Long Island, Cuba, Mexico and Canada. Our war effort is already hampered by steel, aluminum and copper shortages. While we are plagued with these shortages, suppose the Germans raided Pittsburgh with a thousand Fortresses and dropped 3500 tons of bombs on the steel mills there. Then suppose that every other day, for a month, they made similar raids on Pittsburgh, Chicago, Gary, Detroit, Cleveland and Birmingham. How would this affect our ability to make war?

As we struggle to refine enough aluminum for our plane program, suppose the Germans could send a thousand bombers into the Tennessee Valley and destroy the TVA power generators. An aluminum plant is helpless without electric power. To stop the plant, you don't have to destroy it, you only have to drop one bomb on its source of power. It's true that you have to come back later and drop

another bomb to destroy the repaired generator, but the process is easier for the bomber than it is for the bombed.

With the copper shortage our most acute problem, suppose a thousand bombers with precision bombsights attacked any three of the few big copper mills there are in the country. If this could be done, our war machine would soon grind to a stop. In fact, if Germany held Long Island, Cuba, Mexico and Canada and our ground and air forces could not drive the Germans out and relieve our industry of bombardment, we would face certain defeat.

We can place Germany in such a position. The decisive circumstance of this war is that we can bomb German industry while Germany cannot bomb our industry effectively. The rim-of-the-wheel strategy is simply an effort to exploit this decisive circumstance. As the situation stands now, we hold England, part of North Africa, the Middle East, and Russia up to the Volga. Our problem is to secure the rest of the rim of the wheel, hold what we have on the ground, step up our air offensive, and maintain surface pressure until German industry cracks.

Will we have the planes? We will produce 23,000 four-motored

bombers in 1943 and there is no reason to suspect that they won't be as superior to this year's Flying Fortress as this year's model is to the helpless models of 1941. Some of these must be sent to the Pacific, but if we can maintain six thousand of them along the rim of the wheel in 1943, it is not unreasonable to hope that Hitler will be waving the white flag before Christmas.

Will we have the crews? The crews are a bigger problem than the planes, but a visit to the training grounds will convince you that the crews will be ready. The losses of trained crews will be heavy as the fury mounts, but compared to losses in a head-on ground offensive, as indicated by the Dieppe raid, the human price for victory by this plan will be light.

Summarizing, this plan for the defeat of Germany in 1943 embodies these considerations:

1. Recognition that Nazi war industry is the chief objective.

2. The recognition that air power is an independent, strategic, decisive weapon.

3. The recognition that the rim of the wheel — England, Africa, the Middle East and Russia must be secured by air forces and ground forces; and that when this has been done, the *alert, pressure defensive* is

the proper attitude for ground forces in order that the maximum offensive effort may be concentrated in the air strength.

4. The recognition that England should be a defensive position — a “position in readiness” — and that our shipping space to England should give priority to the air offensive.

5. The recognition that Africa and the Middle East are the proper sectors for the main American ground effort, since those sectors are the weakest points of the rim of the wheel.

6. *After* the rim of the wheel has been made secure; *after* Germany has been contained; *after* the air attacks have been brought to a proper intensity from the rim of the wheel; then will be the time to launch a concerted land push from the entire rim of the wheel against a tottering German war structure. British and American land troops swarming at last over the Channel, while land troops push from five other points — these are the land movements which can administer the *coup de grâce*.

But the time for the *coup de grâce* will be after the rim has been tightened and bolted, and after our combined air power has smashed the hub of the wheel.

► *A vital message — and a challenge —
to businessmen, by one of them.*

BUSINESS FACES A CHANGING WORLD

BY ERIC JOHNSTON

President of the United States Chamber of Commerce

WE HEAR a great deal these days about the miracle of American production. Despite some muddle and maladjustment, the phrase is amply justified. Let's remember that it was only recently we were far from a total awareness of the meaning of total war. Under these circumstances, the torrents of war goods pouring from our assembly lines — the new plants, the conversion of great industries to wartime purposes, the vast retooling process and retraining of millions of men and women — are indeed miraculous.

Our allies, the fearful "neutrals" and the conquered nations alike, look to this American miracle to save mankind from the fascist scourge. Consider the implications of this fact. In a time of supreme crisis, all civilization must stake its survival on American productive genius, American resources, American ingenuity. But those things are not accidental. They have a history. Behind the economic miracle that must save our own coun-

try, and the world, from enslavement are the forces set loose and brought to an amazing pitch of development by the American system of individual enterprise. Our technique of mass production, our technological achievements, our talent for economic organization, our ability to improvise under pressure — all these are products of the profit system.

No one with eyes to see and a heart to feel will deny that the system has also given us results of another kind. It has failed to prevent periods of tragic depression and the frightful waste represented by cycles of mass unemployment. The forces of individual enterprise and unremitting competition gave America the world's highest standard of living, including our proud standards of political freedoms. But they did not commensurately arouse man's sense of obligation to his fellow man. They did not harmonize the relations between capital and labor, between business and farmers, between producers

and consumers. The emphasis on individual effort and private reward too frequently was carried to the point of obscuring community responsibility.

Let's recognize these things frankly. Then we shall be able to conserve the constructive and useful values in the American way of life. The threat to those values is from two directions.

First, there are those ultra-conservatives who dislike change, any sort of change, and hence would turn back the clock of history. Whatever their views or their motives, the plain fact is that such people automatically place themselves in the camp of unreasoning reactionaries—which is quite a different thing from intelligent conservatives. I believe that, fortunately, the impact of war is jolting the ultra-conservatives out of their complacency; they are becoming fewer in number.

Second, at the other extreme, are the clamorous collectivists: psychologically one breed whether they call themselves fascists or communists. We can leave out of account the mere demagogues and power-hungry schemers and consider only the honest collectivists. These are so conscious of the unsavory by-products of the American system that they are blind to its

achievements and blinder to its unexploited potentialities. In their anger, they would throw the baby out with the bathwater. Even the sorry record of physical degradation, moral bankruptcy, terror and war in the countries which have tried collectivism and state dictatorship does not frighten these theorists and utopians. They find excuses and fool themselves into believing that the American version of totalitarian life will be different.

I am convinced that I speak for the great majority of Americans in insisting that there must be a middle ground of reality somewhere between these extreme threats to our traditional life. Call us progressives, or liberal progressives, or conservative liberals—such tags have lost their old meanings in the present crisis of growth and change. Whatever the label, we deny that America faces a choice between a congealed old order and some purely experimental new order. On the contrary, we feel that those who narrow the choice to such unpalatable extremes are confusing the issue.

The task facing America is to adjust old values to new conditions. We shall indeed be unwise if we fail to survey the common ground on which old and new can

meet and blend. The epoch of dog-eat-dog economy is ended. Modern machinery and the very abundance we have created require new types of self-discipline on the part of all social groups — on the part of capital, labor and agriculture. Our complex society must preserve and even deepen the virtues of the profit system, rounding it out with new forms of co-operation. The alternative is chaos or worse — total organization by a tyrannical state.

II

Every group must recognize and shoulder its responsibilities. Labor unions and organized farmers, as well as business, must think in terms of the community interest, must consider the welfare of all, for we shall all stand or fall together. The instincts of self-interest are not limited to any one element in the population. But being a businessman, I want to address myself especially to my own kind.

The “good old days” have passed into the limbo of once and for all. Besides, they were not as good as they appeared to some of us. We experienced a gaudy prosperity in the tumultuous twenties, when business was the greatest power in the land. Then the boom bubble

burst, plunging us into the universal depression which led inevitably to universal war. The collectivist state took control in some nations, and made some inroads even in our traditionally free country.

Out of the ordeal we must draw some lessons. We must learn that a healthy society is a mosaic of forces, and that its pattern will be shattered if each group thinks only of itself, its own rights, its own benefits.

If business has sinned in the last two decades, the sin has been to ignore changed conditions. There have been exceptions, but by and large, business did not adequately recognize the social problems of the mechanized society that business created. When unemployment was rampant in the decade of depression, business was extremely critical of federal measures to relieve the wholesale distress of our people — and, I think, justly critical in many instances. But the basic mistake of business was to criticize without constructive suggestion as to how unemployment might be relieved. Our approach to the problem was negative and therefore it was futile.

The shape of tomorrow’s world will depend in large measure on the businessman’s ability to understand the new conditions and meet the

challenge of change. America has always been resilient. It has the suppleness of youth. On the basis of change, we have been able to build the mightiest nation on the face of this planet, and to provide more of the good things of life for our people than any other country. Not only tangible goods like automobiles, radios, bathtubs and a better diet, but intangibles like education and artistic expression and civil liberties, which are even more important.

Perhaps the changes since the First World War came too fast and too rapidly to be assimilated. Businessmen, and many other segments of our population, were bewildered. Businessmen found themselves derided as Babbitts and cursed as economic royalists. Meanwhile, Congress enacted restrictive measures in an endless series, bureaucratic rule-makers had a field day of it, and soon business found itself fenced in by restrictions, baited in all seasons and all but outlawed.

In general, the businessman's response was characteristic of a breed of individualists and fighters conditioned by generations of competition. He yelled bloody murder every time government assumed obligations — the obligations which business itself had failed to meet. He might as well have fanned the

air with his hat or butted his head against stone walls.

The pity of it is that, though they were often right in their viewpoints, businessmen usually left their motives wide-open to suspicion. Their basic distaste for excessive government interference in everyday life, and their distrust of elephantine bureaucracy, are justified by the whole American experience. Their feeling that the coincidence of individual freedom and individual enterprise is not accidental but a matter of cause and effect finds full support in our own national history, and in the recent history of countries like Germany and Russia.

But somehow, businessmen did not make these points clear to themselves and to others. Instead, they left themselves open to the ridiculous charge that they were against feeding the hungry, against relieving unemployment — in favor only of keeping up profits and keeping down taxes. Perhaps the greatest irony of all is that business, which has contributed more to "freedom from want" than any other element in America, was jockeyed into the unreasonable position of seeming to oppose that very freedom!

I realize that this is a serious indictment, perhaps more serious

than it need be. But I am eager to be emphatic in this matter. Business cannot save itself from a species of persecution and ultimate obliteration unless it meets change halfway. *And mind you, if business is obliterated, American liberty as we have known it is obliterated.* In making an adjustment with reality for itself, business will also save the American way of life.

Business must reconquer what was once supremely its own, namely, *public confidence*. Fortunately, the worst is over, so far as popular distrust of business is concerned. The superb job being done by business in producing the weapons for victory, and its co-operation with all other phases of the war effort, is registering on the public mind. The more co-operative spirit manifested by the leaders of labor is more than matched by business.

There may be the lingering thought that business and management are "behaving" only because of wartime pressures and wartime profits. But this skepticism is utterly unjustified. No other group is profiting from the emergency as little as business. Wartime regulations are being obeyed voluntarily. Profit margins on war contracts are narrow and only a small percentage of earnings are retained after taxes.

The truly patriotic and social-spirited conduct of business has been praised by the press and government leaders. Criticism has become the exception and is no longer the rule. In short, public confidence is sharply on the upgrade.

It must not only be retained and deepened — it must be *deserved!* Business must demonstrate that it has a heart as well as a mind. It must seek to co-ordinate its own policies and interests with those of labor, agriculture and government, in a spirit of self-regulation. Other elements in our American community must *want* to keep our business system alive and virile, as the fundamental condition for their own survival and prosperity.

III

At this juncture, the paramount duty of all businessmen, of all Americans, is to concentrate on winning the war. But I believe that intelligent planning for the post-war years is an essential part of that victory, one that can be carried on without detracting from all-out production. Indeed, we can add immensely to the impetus behind our war effort by planning a better world for tomorrow.

There are too many prophets of pessimism in the land. Pessimism

comes easy. The average American, however, is immune to the preachments of gloom. He believes that our freedoms, including freedom of economic enterprise, will be stronger when the present job is done. He knows that the forms of co-operation made necessary by the war can be carried over and adapted to the period of peace.

The core of the complex problems that face us will be unemployment. Unless employment is assured, people here, as in other countries, will be tempted to swap their freedom for food, shelter and security. American business, therefore, must recognize its obligation to provide employment and security. If business, in friendly alignment with trade unions, farmers and other private groups, fails in this essential, the state will step in with the well-known consequences.

I believe business can and will meet this challenge. Fortunately, we shall have at our disposal at the end of the war six powerful tools to spur production and create employment. If these tools are used intelligently, there is every reason to believe that we shall not only perpetuate the American system of free enterprise, but build a more abundant and more secure world.

1. *We will possess the greatest plant capacity in our history, much*

of it designed for the latest productive techniques.

2. *We will have greater sources of raw materials, natural and synthetic, than ever before in the past.*

3. *We will have the greatest armies of skilled mechanics and technicians ever before available to any nation.*

4. *We will face a colossal backlog of accumulated demands for all sorts of commodities, both accustomed products and new products evoked by wartime technological progress.*

5. *The American people will have vast accumulated savings with which to satisfy their deferred demands.*

6. *An economic vacuum will exist in many countries and it is an immutable law of nature that a vacuum must be filled.*

We have the brains and the skills to use these tools effectively. We have the brains to turn coal into silk stockings, fly tens of tons of metal in the air, erect a shaft of stone and steel a hundred stories high. We can and must turn that intelligence to the task of harnessing the supercharged currents of our mechanized civilization, rather than be swept in confusion to economic chaos.

Recently, a group of prominent Britishers, including men like Sir Ernest Benn, Dean Inge and St. John Ervine, issued a manifesto pleading for "restoration of that

spirit of individual liberty and responsibility" which once characterized their national life. They stressed economic liberty and individual enterprise in business. At one point they declared:

We reject the notion common to all totalitarian system whether Communist, Fascist or Nazi, that the state is the supreme monopolistic superentity, the sole source of authority and morality. The omnipotent state lacks the moral elements inherent in the individual. It not only devours its own creators, but it becomes a force for evil, both inside and outside its own boundaries. The unit of existence is a natural human being and his or her natural extension in the family, not the artificial personality of the state.

Referring specifically to the economic phase, their manifesto said:

Certain essential services must be organized and guaranteed by the state, but it is not the true function of government to manage private life. Bureaucratic control is invariably accompanied by lack of flexibility and initiative and by waste of time and public money. It inevitably fails of the very object for which it is supposed to exist — efficiency.

American businessmen, including the most progressive among them, will subscribe to this general attitude. We favor free enterprise. We know that the danger is not merely that of government invading business, but of *business invading government*. The results are the same, whether the state takes

over business — or business takes over the state.

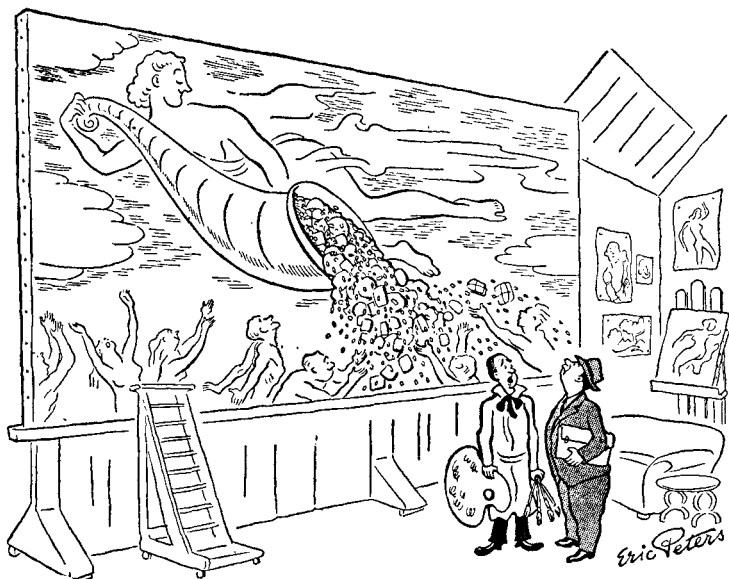
Sound-thinking leaders of labor, agriculture, government and business alike believe that the American business system offers more hope and opportunity for humanity than any system ever attempted in practice or devised on paper. Labor knows that in the collectivist state the worker gets the worst end of the bargain. In that state, there is no unemployment, but only in the sense that there is no unemployment in a military barracks or a concentration camp. Managers at least continue to manage, but workers become virtual slaves of the superstate.

The time is ripe for a unity of forces in American life which will sweep away barriers to production and guarantee an economy of abundance at war's end. All but a tiny minority among businessmen and in management realize that labor unions have become an intrinsic and permanent element in our mechanism of free enterprise — an element able to serve the over-all cause of American prosperity.

Fundamentally, management and labor are today in agreement. Each side is fast learning to understand the other. The war emergency has shown the need — and the possibility — of co-operation.

This new unity must be projected into the post-war era. Management alone cannot break down the barriers to production — barriers such as taxes on incentive and investment, monopolistic practices by

business and government and labor, rules for economic life arbitrarily devised by bureaucrats. Only management working with labor can remove the barriers, for the welfare of the nation as a whole.



*"But you didn't tell me it was for
the Office of Rationing. . . ."*

Can you visualize

LIFE IN AMERICA UNDER HITLER'S RULE?

William L. White, author of the best-selling book *They Were Expendable*, has done so in a fictional article for *THE MERCURY* which is certain to arouse wide attention. It is scheduled for an early issue.

► *The Nazis needs a phony peace
to prepare a third World War*

HITLER'S COMING PEACE BLITZ

BY HANS HABE

Author of *A Thousand Shall Fall*

THE fundamental difference between German and democratic views on peace is this: that Hitler is prepared to come to terms with the democracies, whereas the democracies know that it is impossible to make peace as long as the Nazis rule Europe. Hitler can make peace—or what will pass as peace for a time—when he has achieved some large phase of his plan of conquest. The democracies can conclude peace only when Hitler and all he represents have been wiped out. A captured captain of Rommel's army is reported to have said to his British interrogator: "We Germans have been taught to regard war as a sport. There are not two but three possible outcomes: win, lose or draw." The leaders of the United Nations, however, do not concede the variant of a "draw."

Once before Hitler invited the representatives of the democracies to a conference. It sufficed to insure his own victory and their defeat. *Hitler plans to end this war, which began with a Munich, by another*

Munich! Because we know this, we can work out a counter-strategy to thwart his latest "pacifist" strategy.

Here are some of the reasons why Nazi Germany will seek peace at this time:

1. *Hitler's chances of victory are decreasing, while those of the United Nations are increasing.* Overwhelming and undisturbed American production; the war on two fronts which will be forced on Hitler in 1943; the increasing helplessness of the Luftwaffe against the bombardment of key German cities; hunger and smoldering rebellion in the occupied countries: it would be absurd to think that Hitler is not aware of these obvious facts.

2. *Hitler is intent upon exploiting and organizing his conquests.* The assumption that the Germans are endowed with miraculous organizing talents is only another instance of our propensity to overestimate them. Not a single loaf of bread made of Ukrainian wheat has as yet appeared on a German table. Exploitation of conquered countries

in peacetime is one thing; exploitation under constant Allied bombardment, in the face of continual internal resistance, is quite another.

3. *The United Nations have not a single great victory to their score.* Hitler so far is the only one who has piled up all the chips. England and America have nothing to show but losses. Russia — if we discount her huge territorial losses — may be said to have fought to a draw. This is a good time for the winner to call off the game.

4. *Inside Germany unrest is growing from day to day,* while in the United Nations, the horizons are constantly brightening. The graph of war morale in the United States and England is going upward, while in Germany it is going downward. Goering has recently told the Germans that they would be fed this winter even if the rest of Europe had to starve. He would certainly not have spoken as he did if the Germans' worry over their future had not reached a critical point. Moreover, Germany's hopes rest not only on her soldiers, but also on her fifth column. The German soldier will perhaps follow Hitler to the death; but his English or American fifth columnists will follow him only if he is victorious. This consideration is an impor-

tant factor in Hitler's desire for peace.

5. *Hitler still has a chance to save his ideology.* Ideologically, the Nazis are fighting on two fronts — a fact generally overlooked. They oppose Bolshevism in the east, capitalism in the west. This contradiction involves dangers. After two years of war, the German crusader begins to wonder who is the infidel and his overlords cannot answer his questions. Hitler's generals, it should be remembered, are either anti-communist or anti-capitalist, not both. The solution for the dilemma is peace with one or both of the parties.

Connected with the ideological question, but even more important, is the racial contradiction which imperils the Nazi war aims. The man-in-the-street in Berlin or Dresden dislikes having the Japanese as allies, where the man-in-the-street in New York or Seattle likes having them as enemies. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* on June 15, 1942, made this remarkable comment on a report that the Japanese had manhandled a few Germans, mistaking them for Americans:

There was a time when all the nations of Europe entrusted their troops to the command of General Waldersee in order to enforce the respect of the yellow rabble. If the civilized white nations do not soon cease their suicidal struggle,

and restore white man's solidarity, we shall all perish, sooner or later.

Hitler is not the successor of Caesar, Alexander or Napoleon — he is only Kaiser Wilhelm's corporal who has not forgotten his emperor's fear of the "yellow peril." His peace appeal to the United States may very well begin with the words, "At Pearl Harbor the yellow race attacked not the United States but the whole white race. . . ." Hitler may hope to save some remnants of his ideology by seeking peace.

Any of the above considerations would be enough to justify the

Nazis' urgent striving for peace. But this inferential evidence is backed up by recent facts known to diplomatic circles:

On June 24, 1942, Hitler summoned the military attachés of the various countries still represented in Berlin to his Russian headquarters. The astonished diplomats, who expected some boasting about the victory in Tobruk, received instead the Führer's declaration that he is ready to make peace at any time that "the drunkard at the head of the English government disappears" and "Roosevelt ends his rule on a mountain of corpses."



GOERING: *Fading is the tapered waist,
Shapeless grows the shapely limb,
And although severely laced,
Spreading is the figure trim!*

*Stouter than I used to be,
Still more corpulent grow I —
There will be too much of me
In the coming by and by.*

On the following July 12th, Hitler summoned a conference of various officials from the occupied European nations and informed them, among other things, that "the existing status of the occupied nations will be maintained even if it will be possible to bring the democracies to their senses in time (*rechtzeitig*)."

Early in August, the German press published a brief announcement that Hitler had summoned a number of "specialists" in order to instruct them to work out the details of a peace plan "as soon as possible," so that Germany might

not be caught "unprepared" by a sudden cessation of hostilities. Experts were designated for various spheres such as Europe, the Western Hemisphere, the colonies.

On September 2, 1942, the *Institut für Nachkriegsforschung* (Institute for Post-War Research) announced that certain officers had been freed from service at the front in order to take part in the formulation of a peace plan.

During the entire summer and autumn, German diplomats in neutral capitals were under orders to seek contacts with the representatives of the democracies. The



STARVING EUROPE: *Silvered is the raven hair,
Spreading is the parting straight,
Mottled the complexion fair,
Halting is the youthful gait.*

(From *Patience*, by Gilbert and Sullivan)

*Hollow is the laughter free.
Spectacled the limpid eye —
Little will be left of me
In the coming by and by.*

American Ambassador in Ankara, Laurence Steinhardt, was repeatedly obliged to turn down private invitations because he discovered in due time that Axis diplomats had also been invited. The British Ambassador withdrew from a luncheon in a private house in Madrid to avoid the embarrassment of a meeting with the Italian Ambassador. Mussolini's Ambassador in Lisbon, in the course of last summer, held two conversations with Chief of State Olivera Salazar in which the Italian was reported to have canvassed the possibilities of Portuguese intervention for peace. Italian diplomacy is known to have put out many feelers in recent months. A highly-placed Italian assured the Vatican that Italy has only one wish, namely, peace.

All these things add up to a prelude to the great peace blitz in the making.

II

Hitler, of course, would scarcely express a desire for peace without weighing his chances of success. The Nazis consider the following possibilities:

1. *The peace offensive will be successful and the United States and England will enter into negotiations*

with Hitler. This is so unlikely that Hitler has probably eliminated it from his calculations.

2. *The peace offer will be rejected by the Churchill and Roosevelt governments, but accepted by the American and English peoples.* In that event, a powerful pacifist wave might sweep Roosevelt and Churchill out of office. Though Hitler believes that the chances for such a development are slight, he probably does not regard it as entirely impossible.

3. *Hitler's offer will be rejected and war will continue.* Unquestionably, Hitler knows that the chances are that this is what will happen. Why then does he open his peace offensive? General von Schlieffen, his favorite strategist, writes: "Offensives are not always directed against the objective at which they seem to aim." Hitler knows that wars can be won or lost on the internal front. Dissension in the democratic countries is more valuable to him than the destruction of ten enemy divisions. Hitler's peace offensive will be designed to give all those who wage this war against their will the opportunity to come out for peace and, if peace is not achieved, to insist that the continuation of the war is unnecessary. What Hitler may be saying to Goebbels is this "In 1918, Germany

was crushed because the Socialist leaders Scheidemann and Noske hoisted the flag of pacifism in the midst of the war. Find an American Scheidemann and an English Noske — then our peace offensive will be victorious even if it fails.”

It is easy to foresee the methods Hitler will use to launch his peace blitz. He will appeal to intermediaries whose intervention will be of permanent value to Germany even if it fails. Actual Nazi projects in this respect are as follows:

1. *Mediation by the Vatican.* After Myron C. Taylor's visit to the Vatican, such a mediation attempt can be considered frustrated in advance. Its aim, however, would be to influence the twenty million American Catholics.

2. *Intercession by a neutral state.* Theoretically, Hitler could use any state maintaining diplomatic relations with both Germany and the United States. But Sweden and Switzerland are too unimportant; moreover, they know that any Hitler peace would erase them from the map. Turkey refuses to undertake any unpopular task. Vichy France and Finland are discredited. Ireland is unacceptable from the British point of view. Hitler has no hold on Argentina and Chile because of their geographical position. For those reasons, Hitler has se-

lected Spain, and agreed to — even insisted on — the replacement of Seraño Suñer by a “possible” Foreign Minister. If Hitler has not long ago marched through Spain to attack Gibraltar from the rear, it is probably because he refused to devour the hen expected to lay his egg of peace. Hitler thinks that Spanish intervention would at least cause disharmony between South and North America.

3. *The use of individuals as go-betweens.* René de Chambrun, Laval's son-in-law, and Gaston Bergery, Vichy Ambassador in Turkey, are the two persons most favored in Berlin for this task, though there are numerous other candidates. The names seriously considered are always those of people who accept the Nazi viewpoint, yet are believed to enjoy good reputations in America. The Nobel prize-winner for literature, Knut Hamsun, who has betrayed his Norwegian fatherland to Germany, and various aristocrats now residing abroad, have been mentioned as possibilities. It has even been suggested that the former Foreign Minister of Poland, Beck, be allowed to “escape” à la Rudolf Hess to do the job.

Summing up, Hitler evidently calculates that his peace offensive at best will achieve peace and, at worst, dissension. In the best case,

he will reach the peoples of the United Nations; in the worst, the twenty million American Catholics, the nations of Latin America and certain salons in London and Washington.

III

Finally, we must consider what Hitler, through mediators and propaganda, is planning to offer, what his arguments for peace will be, how he will attempt to undermine the will to fight to a finish in the democracies.

On these matters we do not need to speculate. A number of Nazi organizations — the Economic Political Institute in Berlin, the Geopolitical Institute in Munich, the Adolf Hitler Institute in Kiel and the Institute for Post-War Research in Berlin — have worked out their plans in great detail and some of these have been given publicity in neutral countries. But the German propaganda chiefs realize that the new peace offers must be wrapped in silver paper before presentation to the people of the United Nations. Cheap slogans like, "Why die for England?" no longer find many buyers. The Goebbels counters are therefore being stacked with refurbished arguments. Here are some of them, and

under each an exposure of the lie that it conceals.

1. *Both wars originated in Europe. Just leave Europe to the Germans, who will create order and prevent further wars.*

Hitler's domination of Europe will not insure peace. It will be an "order" resting on brute force and continuous oppression. Both wars originated in injustice; peace can be assured by eliminating and not by making permanent the injustice. It is a lie that the war was caused by the smallness of nations. Switzerland had the highest living standard in the world, Esthonia the lowest cost of living. According to the Adolf Hitler Institute, the Nazis would force twelve states into one Greater Germany: Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Monaco, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland, Russia as far as the Volga, Lithuania, Esthonia, Latvia. Obviously it would be a Europe built on high explosives.

2. *America is saturated.* America has everything it needs, and has never exported more than 15 per cent of her production. Needing neither exports nor imports, it has no reason to fear German economic leadership.

The fact is that American prosperity and economic balance depends in large measure on foreign trade. After a Hitler peace, the United States would be unable to compete with Germany. Already Hitler disposes of the unpaid slave labor of three million Poles, three hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen, three hundred thousand Belgians, two hundred thousand Czechs, one hundred and seventy thousand Dutch,

one hundred and twenty thousand Rumanians — in all, about seven million people. Prisoners are not included in this statement. Only by acquiring an equivalent number of slaves, or depressing general conditions to a slave level, could the United States hope to compete with Germany on equal terms.

3. *The British Empire is in a state of decay.* A warring England is incapable of maintaining order. Only a quick peace and co-operation with Germany can enable Britain to retain its colonies.

Germany does not propose to let England retain the empire. What is in question here is not the liberation of colonial peoples but the displacement of British, Dutch and French imperialism by more brutal, less enlightened Nazi colonization and exploitation. According to Karl Schmitt's "peace plan," England is to lose all influence in Europe. "The English," the plan explains, "may be as Nordic as we are, but geographically they are outsiders in Europe. Since when has a man standing on the running board been able to drive a car?" Anglo-German world competition has been a reality for generations and the Goebbels talk of co-operation is a lie and a trick.

4. *The United States has been attacked by Japan, not Germany.* Peace with Hitler will insure American supremacy in the Pacific. Germany is quite ready to sacrifice her ally.

The Japanese assault on America would have been impossible without Germany. While either of these brigand nations may betray the other, German imperialism in Europe requires a coun-

terbalancing Japanese imperialism in the Pacific. The typical Hitlerian "pinchers" of wartime would become an ideological and economic "pinchers" on America, from the Atlantic and the Pacific, in peacetime. After all, a defeat of Japan might enable the United States, together with China, Russia and British India, to create a power bloc which Hitler could not tolerate. Should Hitler pretend to "sacrifice" Japan in the name of peace, it will be only as a stratagem. Despite the racial embarrassment, Japan bulks large in the Nazi geopolitical schemes.

5. *This war will never end.* Germany cannot be a danger to America. She could not even cross the Channel. Why continue a hopeless and endless struggle involving vast sacrifices?

Invasions are possible, though not necessarily invasions of the old type. America, indeed, could conceivably be beaten without the traditional land invasion. The Western Hemisphere is readily accessible from the "bulge" of Africa. But the primary Nazi objective in the United States is not invasion so much as *destruction*. The new weapon of air power makes this possible. The Germans failed in the use of that weapon against England; first, because the British defense in the skies proved superior, and second, because America stood behind England, ready to make good the economic losses. But nobody stands behind America! Quite possibly a three to five year period of "peaceful reconstruction" is exactly what Germany needs to perfect instruments of destruction geared specifically to destroy the United States.

6. *The Bolsheviks are enemies of England and the United States.* If the

United Nations fight to the point of victory, the Russians will not stop in Berlin. Europe will be Bolshevized.

Although waging admirable defensive warfare, the Russians have so far been incapable of launching an offensive. There is no need to underestimate Russian losses in men and weapons. They will emerge from the war greatly weakened. The reoccupation and reorganization of their own immense lost territories will take at least a decade. In fact, the Russians are likely to be in large measure dependent on economic help from outside.

But there is another aspect of this German lie. Many Americans, Britishers, and especially Russians, declare that the democratic states will face a "social revolution," perhaps of a bloodless variety, after the war. The revolution, they declare, is already under way, and indeed it is clear that no one of the belligerents will resume existence where it was left off at the outbreak of the conflict. There is no reason for assuming that Russia will be the one exception to this process. Precisely as Russia reckons on the possibility of sitting at the peace table with governments different from the present American and British governments, the democracies have reason to reckon that their Russian partner will not necessarily be identical with the present Russian rulers.

7. *After a victorious war, America would be obliged to send abroad a million young Americans as a permanent police force to preserve order. The German Gestapo can do the job better and without American help.*

According to all competent observers, a force of one hundred thousand, only a

small portion of which need be American, would be sufficient to police and control a disarmed and defeated Germany. On the other hand, an armed and powerful Germany would compel America to keep a standing army of at least two million men in war readiness, not to mention huge aerial and naval forces. The airplane makes it possible today to police large areas with small forces.

8. *Germany does not want victory but peace. Hence she does not demand reparations.*

Hitler's expressed readiness to be content with "only" workers, markets and materials is sufficiently unmasked in the following passage from a memorandum prepared by his Geopolitical Institute:

"What Germany needs is workers, markets and commodities. The countries whose air fleets have destroyed our cities will have to be so kind as to deliver as many laborers and materials as will be necessary for the work of reconstruction. We shall also be compensated by mass deliveries of all those objects which made life so pleasant in the 'have' countries before the war. These countries will provide us with cars, trucks, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, radios, yachts, motor boats, typewriters and similar articles until every German family is supplied. Moreover, the defeated countries will have to pledge themselves to buy considerable quantities of German products."

In short, Hitler's reparations will go beyond money. They will amount to eternal subjection to a Nazi economic dictatorship on a world scale.

IV

But all these Nazi lies — weapons of the coming peace blitz — are

part of one over-all lie. It is neither possible nor useful to indicate where one argument ends and the other begins. Every one of the United Nations, every group within each nation, will be assaulted with the slogans best calculated to wear down resistance, to create internal divisions, to inflame existing prejudices. Aware that victory is out of the question, the Nazis will play hard for a draw. Because only a draw will enable them to digest their robberies and prepare for the next stage in their plan for world dominion.

The great Austrian neurologist, Professor Wagner-Jauregg, Nobel prize winner, declared in one of his lectures: "Sometimes we fall in the error of calling innocuous what we regard as having no prospect of success. When a madman declares that he intends to exterminate mankind, he doubtless has no prospects of success. It would be false to conclude that he is not a menace."

This view applies perfectly to Hitler's coming peace offensive. Probably it lacks any real prospect of success. Yet it is extraordinarily dangerous. Though he may fail to impose his own kind of negotiated peace, he may succeed in winning a victory in the field of propaganda and the war of nerves. We must be prepared for the shock of the psy-

chological onslaught just as we would for a physical attack.

Kaiser Wilhelm said, "I did not want this." Hitler will say the same thing. And he will not be completely hypocritical in this. What he wanted was not war but a series of Munichs. He did not want war with England. He wanted to order a terror-stricken British Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden. He did not want war with the United States. All he wanted was a hundred million slaves to put him in a position to dictate conditions of life to America. The secret of this great conqueror is that he is not a conqueror at all but a blackmailer.

The peace offensive intended by Germany is based on the truth that no civilized nation wants war as such. But Germany mixes four fundamental errors with this truth. Hitler thinks that America is afraid of sacrifices, that America is soft, that America is selfish, that America is disunited. Hitler's peace drive, the greatest propaganda campaign so far invented by the master of propaganda, must collapse because it does not contain the word freedom, on which an American peace will be based. Because this war is a war of liberation, it is not a matter of "win, lose or draw." There is not even a choice between "win or lose." *Freedom must win.*

LADY WRESTLERS

BY EDYTHE FARRELL

Editor of *The National Police Gazette*

NO LOVER of good, clean American sport who has watched marathon dancing, miniature golf and roller-skate polo will be surprised to learn that feminine wrestling has fastened a hammer-lock on the sporting scene and is on the way to becoming the nation's latest screwy industry. Students of the athletics business know that there is a large segment of the population which dotes on bizarre amusement, and is particularly fascinated if the amusement consists of legitimized mayhem. But even students are somewhat taken aback by the spectacle of mother, dad and the kids packing themselves in a smoky arena around the hard lights of a wrestling ring to witness a pair of females, complete with lipstick, rouge, false eyelashes and skimpy bathing suits, grappling on the floor in a five-minute act billed as "Girl Wrestlers."

The impresarios swear that their capacity houses are composed largely of the "family trade." Probably 40 per cent of the average audience is

female, 10 per cent children of grammar school age, mostly boys, and the rest men. Most come primarily to see the girl grunt-and-groaners, and stay on to cheer and boo the male artists. Last year, an estimated three million howling spectators paid an average of seventy-five cents per head for this privilege.

The authorities have made a feeble effort in some quarters to protect the sensitive public from these exhibitions. New York was first to ban the sport, but thousands of Gothamites made weekly pilgrimages across the river to Trenton and Hoboken until New Jersey, too, clamped down. The hard-pressed Easterners then migrated to Pennsylvania and enjoyed themselves for a time before the moral forces stepped in again. Today, the hot spot of Eastern activity is Washington, D. C., where the crowds are nearly as large and enthusiastic as in the middle west, where female wrestling has its stronghold in such lusty cities as Chicago and Mil-

waukee, both prime centers of the new industry. The girls travel on a circuit embracing these points and their appearances are nearly all one-night stands.

Whatever it is that prompts a woman to enter a profession so hard on femininity, it is a fact that girls are drawn to the business from more stable walks of life and, once attracted, seldom leave the game, even after they marry. The women have complicated a pastime which previously was more or less cut-and-dried. Optimistic promoters attempt to treat them like men. They are carefully rehearsed in gymnasiums before matches, instructed in the histrionics of agony and told precisely when to capitulate. But once in the ring, the infuriated cuties are likely to forget the arrangements and begin clawing hell out of each other. This unadaptable feminine temperament is the cross the promoter has to bear. It adds spice to his dealings with wagering circles.

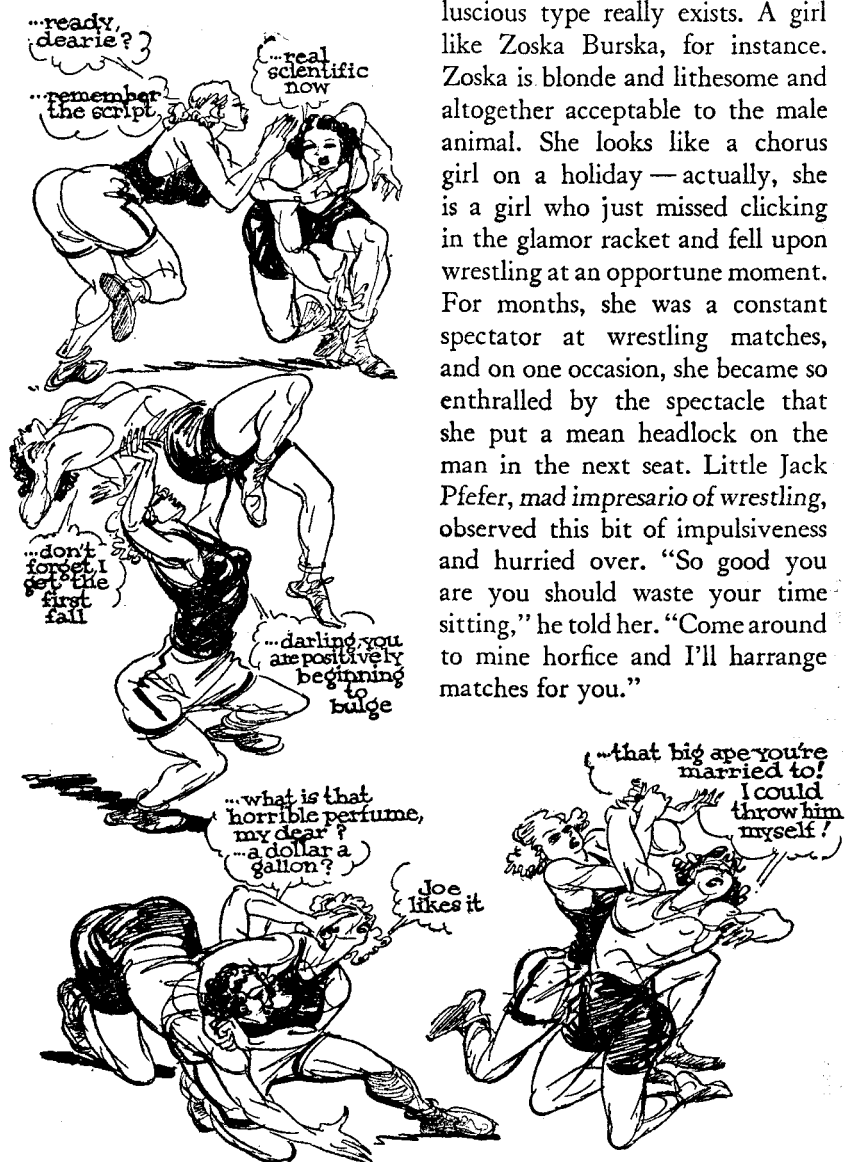
Another unfortunate consequence of female wrestling is that, inevitably, every girl wants to be champion or she will pick up her tights and go home. For that reason, there are northeastern champs, southeastern champs and where-have-you-been champs. The girls are not too particular about geo-

graphical divisions, either, and so a title is never really lost. More often than not, the referee declares that a match is a draw and sends everyone home happy, if not whole. As the girls walk to their dressing rooms, they are besieged by the peculiar specie of autograph hound which haunts these shows — boys eleven and twelve years old who fight each other over the signatures and will trade four Dorothy Lamours for one scrawl by a female grappler.

Disfigurement of face and form is the occupational disease in the trade. After eight months of heaving and tossing, one pretty lass of eighteen had to have an upper and lower plate made for her lovely young mouth. Every lady wrestler has scars distributed about her anatomy and distortion of her proportions is equally inevitable. Muscles blossom where muscles should never grow; feminine curves disappear into sturdy lines. And all this notwithstanding, the girls claim they love it. Most don't know why they do it, but they don't intend to stop.

II

Girl wrestlers run in type from the luscious, to the standard, to the brawny. The occasional fan always



finds it difficult to believe that the luscious type really exists. A girl like Zoska Burska, for instance. Zoska is blonde and lithesome and altogether acceptable to the male animal. She looks like a chorus girl on a holiday — actually, she is a girl who just missed clicking in the glamor racket and fell upon wrestling at an opportune moment. For months, she was a constant spectator at wrestling matches, and on one occasion, she became so enthralled by the spectacle that she put a mean headlock on the man in the next seat. Little Jack Pfefer, mad impresario of wrestling, observed this bit of impulsiveness and hurried over. "So good you are you should waste your time sitting," he told her. "Come around to mine horfice and I'll harrange matches for you."

Zoska breezed through the routine from that point. She was properly instructed, posed for countless publicity pictures, arranged to be seen in the right night clubs, became ultimately the Glamor Girl of Wrestling. She wrestled at night and worked as secretary to a Wall Street executive in the daytime, a happy way of life which ended when Zoska walked into the office with a black eye and failed to make her alibi stick. And anyway, the boss annoyed her by spoiling her out-of-town trips with dull insistence on business as usual. But the fans loved their Zoska, the frustrated glamor girl who always contrived to kiss her opponent before she left the ring. Eventually, Miss Burska married a handsome brute of a wrestler and retired somewhat precipitately after she had nearly made gynecological history by threatening to become an unex-

pectant mother while in the ring, an accident she avoided by leaving the arena hastily after the match.

Olga Baranova ranks with Miss Burska in charm. Daughter of a brawny Russian grappler who grunted for the Czar, she came to wrestling from the unlikely precincts of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her auburn hair, flashing gray eyes and willowy figure would have qualified her for show business, but Olga starved for awhile in road shows, and as a dress and shoe model, until the big money of lady wrestling was dangled before her lovely eyes. Soon after, she was acclaimed as the new glamor girl of wrestling.

III

At the opposite extreme stands Skippy Davis, a lumbering girl who weighs 185 pounds stripped.



Skippy crushes her opponents in cracking bear-hugs. Vanity is an attribute unknown to her. She not only cares nothing for her own appearance, but intends to leave her opponents in the same hopeless frame of mind.

Somewhere between the Baranova and Davis extremes is a standard attraction like Mildred Burke-Champ, who has been wrestling for ten years and is the only recognized female champion in the business, having won the belt offered by the Midwestern Wrestling Association for proficiency in that region. Mildred is a relatively short girl, but her fifteen-and-a-half-inch neck and bulging biceps make up for it. Her bust, which is only thirty-one inches in repose, expands a full five inches and she can rip apart a dress with one deep breath. Born in Coffeerville, Missouri, Mildred was brought up in Kansas City, where, as she puts it, "I took a business caws, and liked it fine, but I kinda got to hangin' around Billy Wolfe's gym." The other girls in Mr. Wolfe's gym, substantial ladies who scaled at 160 and 180 pounds, objected to Mildred's presence and attempted to toss her out, whereupon she worsted the entire crew and was taken into the Wolfe stable of attractions forthwith. Thus, tucked under Mr. Wolfe's wing,

she embarked on a ring career which made her champion in 1936. Miss Burke-Champ takes her occupation seriously and will not have it maligned by idle chatter. "That's all the bunk about these matches being framed," she avers. "This here is no funny business. We mix it up for real."

Mildred's pet claim is that she wrestles "scientific" and emotion plays no part. "If a girl fights dirty," Mildred contends, "she'll get along better if she's steamed up. She'll try to bite and scratch or foul in some way, but it's mighty bad for my style if I get real sore, 'cause I rastle scientific and there ain't no point in losing my head." Mildred has had the ligaments of both knees torn as a result of strangling toe-holds, and sports a mean scar from a nasty exhibition bout, but she insists adamantly that she would never consider any other profession.

Of a similar nature is Betty La Bushey, a giggling, tall, sparsely-built girl who has been in the trade for a dozen years. Betty got into the game with the aid of Cora Livingstone, a champion swimmer and forerunner of all lady wrestlers of this century. Cora and her husband, Paul Browser, were looking for girls of spirit to compete in wrestling bouts and Betty, who

was the daughter of a bush league baseball player, and a champion basketball player and swimmer in her own right, filled the bill. Betty is a bug for keeping in condition. "No, kid," she says, "I don't smoke and I don't drink neither. Sounds fishy, don't it, kid? But I'm levelin'." Her body is marked with ugly black-and-blue scratches and nasty welts. "That comes," says Betty, "from rasslin' with gals." For the most part, she prefers to wrestle with welterweight men. "They don't scratch and they don't fight and they don't pull your hair. They just plain fight clean."

Most girl wrestlers, it must be added, marry their male counterparts and continue professional careers. This is due not only to the attraction of like to like, but stems from the fact that the girls are well-chaperoned by promoters and, on the one-night-stand circuit, they have little chance to make alliances, permanent or otherwise, outside the business. After marriage, the girls lead normal lives. Betty, for instance, has a seven-year-old son.

IV

The entrepreneurs of female wrestling are almost as colorful as the

girls. Probably the two chief impresarios are the Jack Pfefer previously mentioned and Rudy Dusek. Dusek is an out-and-out, standard promoter, but Pfefer is the Mike Jacobs of wrestling, a dialectical genius who has a talent for painting his clients in the most lurid colors and putting them in shows which have all the hallmarks of low-class vaudeville. Among his male clients are such outstanding hunks of pure inspiration as The Swedish Angel. Pfefer, who wears a cape, carries a cane, and sports a six-carat diamond on his pinkie-finger, demands spectacular performers and performances. "A girl what has a svell shape, a good-lookin' face and wants to be in pictures, should foist be a rastler," Jack advises.

Once a promoter acquires a feminine property, he turns her over to a gymnasium for instruction, where a man teaches her the more spectacular holds and throws, like the ever-popular airplane spin. Defensively, a girl is taught how to fall without breaking her bones. A feminine wrestler is adjudged fit for ring performances when she is able to make the simple holds look difficult, and is able to project the expressions of anguish which accompany these holds.

The girls dress backstage like actresses. The make-up kit is brought

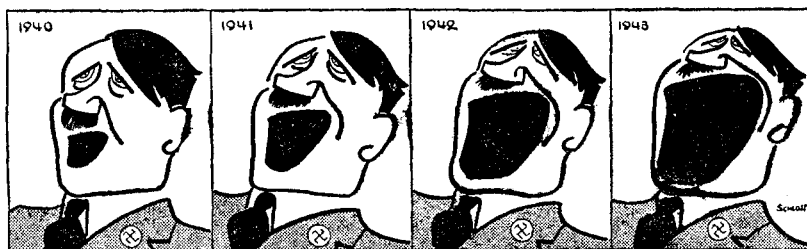
out and the face is adjusted perfectly before it gets the subsequent terrific beating. No self-respecting lady wrestler would think of climbing into the ring unless her hair were properly set and her nails newly manicured. Once in the ring, the girls come out smiling and go in scratching. No penalty has been able to dissuade them from digging nails, or even teeth, into the tender, pink epidermis on an opponent's thigh, or the back of her neck. And as though this were not enough to satisfy the most eager customer, the promoters have improved upon the drama by introducing variants such as free-for-alls and mud bouts, in which the contest is held in several inches of sticky mud. Thus far the ladies have drawn the line only at the exclusively male herring-match, in which fish are substituted for mud.

Some girls have graduated into the movies by virtue of appearing in matches photographed by one of the newsreel companies. Still others

have used wrestling only as the means to an unlikely end. There was Gracie Costello, the Tomboy of Hoboken and daring young girl of the airplane spins, who got into the business so that she could save up enough money to buy the furniture for a new home which she and her fiancé were planning.

Wrestling as a spectacle has now fired the imaginations of women who never before thought of violence in more organized terms than dish-throwing. Women all over the country have formed clubs for the propagation of the sport. Some inhibited housewives have abandoned mah-jong and contract bridge for afternoons of heaving and grunting on the mat of some neighborhood rumpus room. Although the money girls may decry it, the sport — if it is a sport — is fast losing its professional standing, a fact which many a male may regret before the craze subsides.

Right now, one is compelled to report that the end is not yet in sight.



Winterhilfe!

► *The Mexican people are slowly
awaking to the facts of war.*

NOTES FROM WARTIME MEXICO

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

THE siesta is over and Mexico is waking up to war.

To bring home to twenty million Mexicans the stunning fact that the republic has taken up arms against Germany, Italy and Japan, the government is pushing a great propaganda campaign with posters, radio programs, movie shorts and even Indian minstrel bands. The post office stamps your mail with war slogans. The National Lottery entreats you to try for the two-million-peso prize, so you can invest your winnings "to produce what Mexico needs for freedom." You get the national anthem, printed on a card, served with your highball at El Patio, Mexico City's largest night club. Don José Altamirano, in charge of information, a jolly, chunky, former newspaperman, works a large staff overtime contriving new tricks to spread the word that the country is at war from the deserts of Chihuahua to the sweating tropics of Chiapas, from the Pacific across the great Sierra Madre and down to the Gulf of Mexico.

Local officials refuse to be outdone by the federal officials in patriotic zeal. A committee of federal senators recently toured the nation to ask support for the war effort. On the occasion of its visit to one western town, a state capital, the mayor issued a decree which said in part:

For the purpose of receiving with due dignity the commission of the senate of the republic, it is ordered that all business establishments, bars, pool halls and houses of assignation close their doors between one and eight P.M.

Despite her stormy past, this is the first time in her history, brimming with bloodshed and revolution, that Mexico has formally declared war on any foreign nation. She fought the United States bitterly in 1847, in a war that was formally declared by the American Congress but not by Mexico. The fact that the Colossus of the North and the home of the gringo is now Mexico's great ally is a historic somersault, moreover, that leaves the man in the street and the *campesino* in his hilly cornpatch rather dizzy.

For all the government can do, the Mexican people have not yet declared war themselves. The average Mexican was as ruggedly isolationist as the stoutest grassrooter from the American middle west. He was only mildly disturbed over the threat of Axis attacks on Mexican shipping, and not so sure, after the attack materialized, that it would not be more sensible to withdraw the tiny Mexican merchant marine from the high seas. Mexican soldiers and civilians alike had admired the fierce perfection of the German war machine; native and newly arrived Germans had done an intensive and effective job of propaganda.

The régime, led by President Camacho and Foreign Minister Padilla, struck boldly through a muddled or indifferent or actually pro-Axis public opinion in committing their country fully to a policy of resistance against the Axis. The people have not yet caught up with them. The war effort is plagued by apathy, suspicion and discontent. The Mexican is not quite clear what cause is involved. His country is a democracy far more in name than in actuality. Mexico's "way of life" is still shot through with extreme poverty and injustice. Politicians have scooped so much of the meaning out of such words as "freedom"

and "democracy" that they have a distinctly hollow sound. Distrust of the United States is still deep and pervasive.

Small wonder, then, that the popular "demonstrations" heralding Mexico's entry into the war were largely government inspired. Observers thought it remarkable, indeed, that there were no counterdemonstrations of protest. The people accepted the administration's decision quietly but certainly without enthusiasm. Mexico City had its first blackout in September and officials called it a complete success. Efficiency was almost 100 per cent. This was hardly surprising: the authorities had simply pulled most of the master switches. That incident is typical. The nation, its administration and its people still have a long way to go before they can fully trust themselves and each other.

The country is still licking political sores. The Left glares suspiciously at the Right and charges that fifth columnists are skulking through conservative ranks, using the Church to camouflage their movements. On the day the Senate passed the declaration of war, Mexico's Catholic Archbishop counseled the faithful to support the government in this grave step, but the Right, however patriotic,

cannot avoid paroxysms of fear and revulsion at the thought of communist Russia as an ally. Nevertheless, behind all the confusion, something is stirring, something is rousing itself. You remember stevedores, drilling with sticks in the muggy twilight on the Manzanillo pier; their bronzed jaws were grim and set.

* * *

People in Mexico, particularly Americans, are likely to feel a long way from the war. Mexico City is gay. Capital streets are bright with red, green and saffron signs winking seductively over new night spots. The cost of living soars and inflation is in the near distance. There are a few shining new 1942 automobiles to be seen, unsold, behind plate glass show windows. Sugar is not yet rationed and men still wear cuffs on their pants.

True, the tourist trade has nosedived to nearly zero, but glamor has not been expunged. Just before the nation went to war, Mexico City was called, lightly, the Lisbon of the Western Hemisphere. The international flotsam and jetsam which war inevitably washes up on neutral shores clustered around capital bars and trekked to the nation's watering places. A sprinkling of spies, the military of various countries in and out of

uniform, a few once-glittering celebrities of the old Europe, and lovely ladies pointing cameras at objects of interest — all these beat paths to the Seven Seas Cantina in Acapulco, and to Paco's under the waxen Indian laurel trees of Taxco's public square.

There is still some of this superficiality. Here and there you see a reasonably striking facsimile of an American draft dodger. Life is light and dashing and the war seems dim in the distance. Ex-King Carol and his flaming-haired, ivory-skinned Lupescu take a box at the ballet and mingle with society. Axel Wenner-Gren, the white-haired, blacklisted Swedish industrialist, moves with a sorrowful furtiveness about the sunbathed little resort of Cuernavaca. His riches are frozen, his yacht is in the hands of the Mexican Navy, and he and his American wife have no place to go.

* * *

Mexico's army is growing up. Always a tough little band of fighters, the Army was built to be primarily a national police force, the fist of the federal government in punching down revolt wherever it might crop up. When the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, the Mexican Army was less than sixty thousand strong, but already it numbers, with trained reserves, nearly

twice that. Plans have been drawn to build up a force of 250,000 men. A military service law has been invoked reaching all able-bodied males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five and conscription probably will start early in 1943.

Registration and limited training of the nation's manpower are already under way. Every Sunday now, the public plazas and playgrounds of the capital are filled with men and boys from all classes of society, getting their army identification cards, learning the manual of arms and how to march.

In the sultry west coast port of Mazatlan, hundreds of citizens get up and drill at five o'clock in the morning three times a week in the square and on the gleaming beaches, and then go on to their offices and regular jobs. In Manzanillo, another Pacific harbor, where mercury, mica and petroleum once streamed out to Japan, five hundred union stevedores drill nightly now on the pier to the martial strains of their own straw-sombre-roed, leather-sandaed drum and bugle corps. Guadalajara, capital of the western state of Jalisco and the Republic's second largest city, has rallied nearly fifteen thousand men to the reserve. The same thing is happening up north in Chihuahua, in Torreon, in the humming

industrial center of Monterrey, in Tampico, the vulnerable heart of the valuable oil region of the gulf, in Salina Cruz, and the steaming jungles of the isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Mild agitation has already been started in favor of sending a Mexican Expeditionary Force abroad. Although the time is not yet ripe for such an MEF, Mexican soldiers and sailors are learning to fight mechanized warfare and are receiving an impressive supply of the vital tools to work with from the United States under lease-lend assistance. Mexico's Independence Day parade on September 15 was the greatest military demonstration in the history of the country. Enough trucks, jeeps, tanks, assault guns and other rolling and shooting equipment have been received to enable organization of the Army's first "motor-mechanized division."

The Mexican soldiers are enchanted with the jeeps. But the name is strange and the pronunciation meaningless in the Spanish tongue, so they have christened the bug-like creatures *cucurachas* — cockroaches.

Expansion is going to rob the Army of a strange and interesting tradition, the *soldadera*, the Mexican soldier girl. The camp-follow-

ing soldier girl has been the comforter and quartermasters corps of the Mexican Army since the start of the revolution. Never rich, the government has always been hard pressed for funds to supply, equip and feed its soldiers. So wives and sweethearts simply went along with their men. They lived in or near the barracks and washed, cooked, sewed for and made love to the Army. If discipline was necessary, discipline was applied but generally everybody was happy and content. However, the prospect of managing *soldaderas* for a quarter of a million men is a petticoat of another color and the generals are letting it be known that new recruits will leave their girls behind.

* * *

Vital war materials are flowing steadily from Mexican mines to American war plants. Mexico's most tangible contribution to the Allied war effort is right here, supplying antimony, lead, zinc, mica, mercury and many other strategic metals needed in the manufacture of modern war weapons. Also on the list are such strategic materials as alcohol, guayale (for synthetic rubber), henequen (for rope), and hardwood (for airplanes).

The war is bringing industrialization to Mexico. In this process, Washington is helping the neighbor

nation to help herself. A huge steel mill is being built. Plans have been drafted for a rayon factory. American drug and chemical firms have established small manufacturing units. To haul the ore and haul it fast to American war plants, Mexico's wobbling railways must be spiked down, equipment repaired and modernized, schedules streamlined. As a result, Mexico will not only be able to supply goods for herself in the near future, but will even produce enough for export — thus posing an interesting potential post-war problem.

* * *

Along with the job of patrolling 6,301 miles of inviting and hitherto unprotected coastline, stepping up production, whipping an army into shape, and squashing an Axis fifth column, the Mexican government must tell its twenty million people not only how the war is going, but that there *is* one and that the country is in it, and why.

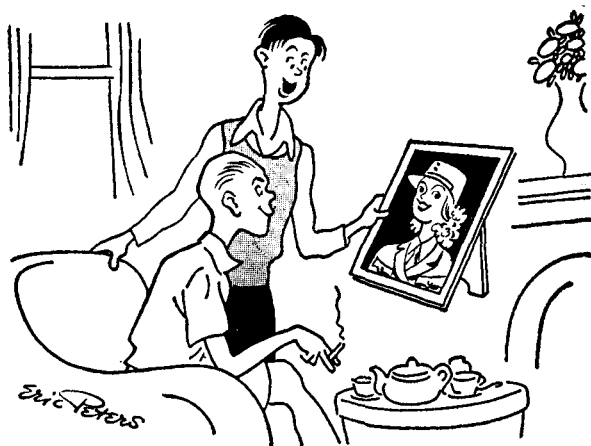
Slowly, complacent and selfish and subversive isolationism is being broken down. There are *vivas* for victory in the air, where only whistles and catcalls of derision were heard before. A new feeling is in the making. It is almost imperceptible as yet, as elusive as that moment when the tide has run clear out and starts coming in

again. Politically, the country is experiencing its nearest approach to unity in a decade; some even say since the start of the Revolution. The war emergency has hastened unification, given the president extraordinary powers over all groups, powers which he has used conservatively but consistently and with great shrewdness.

The new spirit expresses itself unmistakably in small ways. Trifling incidents stick in your mind. For instance, you happen in to one of Mexico City's largest *cines*.

The film is *Joan of Paris*, an exciting tale of the French underground. There comes a tight little scene in which Nazi storm troopers stalk through a French schoolroom and shoot at the teacher, a suspected operative. As the pistols crack, a freckled schoolboy leaps to the top of his desk and starts leading his classmates desperately in the *Marseillaise*. Spontaneously, the Mexican audience bursts into passionate applause and takes up the song.

"*Allons*," they sing, "*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*"



"I promised Peggy that I'd wait for her."

► *We face food shortage and
hunger unless we can solve*

THE CRISIS IN FARM LABOR

BY WEBB WALDRON

TAKES longer to train a boy to be any good on a farm than to train him to work in a war plant," said Charley Graves, Indiana farmer. "It's proved around here all the time. Fellows leave the farm and get jobs in the plant. In a couple of weeks, they learn to operate a machine and make \$70 to \$90 a week. But can I train a boy to do farm work in two weeks? I certainly can't. A year would be more like it. Some can't learn at all. Farming takes more special skills and more judgment than any other job in the world."

"Just consider hog raising," said an Illinois farmer, Kenneth Moore, who has six hundred hogs, eighty brood sows, and last year produced 125 tons of pork — which means a year's ration of two and a half pounds a week for 1800 people. "Every stage demands care and know-how. You have got to watch your sows every minute. Put sunshades over them one minute, get 'em in out of a blizzard the next — that's the kind of weather we have in Illinois! Too much heat or too

much cold — half an hour's carelessness — and you'll have them sick or dead, all your production for the season gone."

"Correct feeding means a good-sized litter," said Wencker Meyer, young Missouri farmer who runs a 1200-acre hog and cattle farm, "careless feeding a small one. When a sow is about to farrow, you've got to watch her, cut down her feed. If you gave her all she wants, she'd lose her pigs. The last twenty-four hours before the pigs come, no feed at all, or the twenty-four hours after. Often we sit up all night with a sow, just like a doctor with a human mother. It means the difference between getting and saving all her pigs, and losing some."

Meyer told me an incident that illustrates the need of experience with hogs. He put a man in charge of feeding, giving him full instructions. He was intensely busy contour-plowing his uplands for barley, but now and then he took a look at the hogs; they seemed to be getting on all right. Then one day the man said: "Them hogs been acting

queer." Meyer found cholera had attacked his hogs. "If I had been feeding them, I'd have recognized the first symptoms of the disease and might have saved most of the herd," said Meyer. But it had too big a start. He lost them all.

"On a farm," said Meyer, "there are things you really can't *tell* a man. You have got to *know* them — know them out of experience."

With cattle, especially dairy cattle, the same personal care and watchfulness is necessary. "You've got to watch your milkers," said a Maryland dairyman, "see that they milk the cows dry. If milk is left in the bag by a careless or inexperienced milker, the cow's output begins to drop steadily. First thing you know, she'll be dry — long before she should be."

Feeding dairy cattle, an Illinois dairyman told me, is a job demanding the constant exercise of judgment. "Protein foods produce milk," he said, "but push a cow too hard with heavy proteins, and you burn her out. Not only dry her up sooner, but cut short her productive life. It practically comes down to an individual judgment with every cow."

Farm machines and parts are almost unobtainable. Binders five years old bring new prices. A tractor bought new for \$1,100 two years

ago brought \$1,250 in an Illinois farm auction. So, a farmer hesitates to entrust his farm machines to an inexperienced hand. A Kansas farmer put a high school boy on his tractor. The boy mistakenly set the tractor in reverse, backed it into a gang plow and ruined two tractor tires. "I can't get any more tires," said the farmer, "so my tractor's out of commission."

"Even if a man can run a tractor," said an Indiana farmer, "the question is, can he plow? Plowing isn't just a thing you can tell a man how to do and then go away and be sure he's doing it right. It's an art in itself. And right plowing and cultivating is half the success of the crop."

II

Testimony such as this — reams of it — I have gathered talking to farmers East and West about the present labor crisis on the farm. These items of experience make clear why the drain of skilled farm labor to the factory and the armed forces is tragic to the farmer, why the advice "get some high school boys to help out" doesn't appeal to him. The general verdict about high school boys among the farmers I talked with is that they are valuable for seasonal work such as hay-

ing, potato digging, apple picking, but for general farm operations are not worth bothering with. Thousands of farmers, for lack of proper help, are auctioning their cattle, horses, hogs and machinery and quitting. When they don't quit, they sometimes hang on by pure nerve. "I have three hundred acres," wrote a farmer from Walworth County, Wisconsin, "lost my skilled hired man to the draft in June, haven't been able to get decent help since. I hate to sell, for I am past sixty and what else could I do but farming? We work from 4:30 to 9 at night, but we can't keep this up."

Reports a farmer in Noble County, Indiana, with 240 acres, eight brood sows, forty head of cattle, milking twenty cows and a production of 120,000 pounds of milk last year: "My son was drafted, and now my daughter and I have to do all the work. I don't believe we'll be able to keep it up. I'll have to sell the cows."

"I lost three hired men in succession to defense plants — paid the last one \$100 a month and his keep," said a farmer in DeKalb County, Illinois. "I milk ten cows and was going to increase to twenty, because there's a big demand for milk, but now I'll have to sell the ten."

Another Illinois farmer who had lost his help to defense plants sold his dairy herd and devotes himself to hog raising and his thirty head of Herefords. He produced sixty thousand pounds of pork this year. Singlehanded, he picked 125 acres of corn and got it into the silo. "I was offered \$65 a week in a shop," he said, "but I figure I'm worth more to my country on the farm."

When the farmer himself is drafted — and that often happens — then the farm almost necessarily has to close down. For it is not only the stock that needs personal attention and knowledge born out of experience, but the farm too. Not only every farm, but every field of every farm, may be said almost to have a personality of its own. It has been built to greater productivity by certain methods, it responds most generously to a certain rotation of crops, to certain fertilizers — matters known only to the man who has farmed that land, as owner, renter or helper.

"You've got to find out from experience which fields are liable to erode, on what uplands you dare plant corn and where it should be barley or wheat," said Patchin Holt, Missouri farmer.

A farmer has to study the maturing time of different crops on his farm, so too much work will not

come at one time. For instance, he may decide to put in an acreage of barley instead of all wheat, for the barley is ready to harvest earlier. He will time the planting and cultivating of his corn so as to get that done before wheat harvest. And all these things, growing time, harvest time, are somewhat different — perhaps markedly different — with each farm. Therefore, when a farmer who knows a farm is divorced from it, an invaluable relationship between man and land is destroyed that may never be restored.

The United States Department



"Easy, easy, my little bird — I can't follow you that fast."

of Agriculture estimates that 3600 Kansas farms will be idle in 1943 — four times as many as this year — mostly due to drain of men to the armed forces and war industries. In one issue of a small western Kansas newspaper, I counted the notices of five dispersal sales of farm stock and machinery. "Leaving soon to join the U. S. Army," "I am leaving the farm to join the U. S. Navy," "As I can't get help," "Since my son has been drafted and I am too old to operate the farm," "On account of being unable to hire help" — these were the reasons given. "There have been twenty-seven farm sales tacked up in this town already this fall," reported a Wisconsin farmer, "and there will be a lot more next spring if this goes on." So the tale runs, all across the farmlands. The North Central States, where the farm labor crisis is especially acute, form our greatest farm-exporting area — they not only feed themselves but supply corn, hogs, beef, poultry, dairy products to the rest of us. This makes their labor problem a national concern.

This autumn there were 35 per cent more dairy cattle slaughtered on the Milwaukee market than a year ago. Significant, for Wisconsin is preeminently a dairy state. The slaughtering is widespread. One

probable result in the near future: rationing of dairy products.

III

Few farmers I talked with thought they ought to have higher prices for their products. Mostly, they felt they were getting quite enough, maybe too much in certain cases. Prices would have to take a big jump for the farmer to compete for labor on even terms with the war industries. But farmers wonder, and I wonder, whether the man who quits a farm job for the higher wages of a war plant is always better off. In Henry County, Illinois, I learned of a married farm hand who, in addition to his \$90 a month, got a house for his family, a garden, two gallons of milk a day, three pigs, feed for his chickens, fuel, and a nearby country school for his two children. He quit to go to town and work in a war plant. His wife and children cried when they quit the farm.

Farmers are bitter against draft boards that refuse to defer or exempt farm labor. General orders have gone out from Washington to rural boards to defer at least temporarily all "necessary workers" on livestock and dairy farms, but draft boards act with great independence and with an amazing lack of uni-

formity. A common complaint is that draft boards in farming areas seldom have dirt farmers on them. "Our draft board is made up of lawyers and politicians," said a Missouri farmer. It was a comment I heard again and again in the midwest. Recently, in Illinois, a board inducted a young farmer, unmarried, who is operating head of a 420-acre farm that last year produced 235,000 pounds of beef, seventy thousand pounds of pork, seventy thousand pounds of whole milk. The farmer's father, the owner, is sixty-nine and unable to work. The board said: "Your dad is well fixed. He can take care of himself." "True, but what of the farm?" "We need soldiers; let the farm grow up to grass!"

The need for food for our armed forces, our civilian population and our allies will be greater next year than this. Yet, so Secretary Wickard has said, the shortage of farm labor — a still greater shortage if the drain of men to the armed forces and the factories continues — threatens a smaller food production in 1943. The situation is critical and may become catastrophic. For this is not a *farm* problem, it is a *food* problem.

Farm boys hesitate to seek deferment or exemption. It opens them to the charge of slacker. A Ne-

braska farm boy who sought deferment because he was the sole effective worker on the farm and help was unobtainable found his car painted yellow one morning. In Missouri, I talked to a boy, twenty-one, who has been his father's chief helper on a 1300-acre livestock farm. He knows the farm, can operate all the machinery, conduct all farm operations competently. Faced with induction into the army, he enlisted in the Navy Air Force. He'll make a good fighter, I predict, but wouldn't he be of more value to the nation on the farm? "I can't replace him," said his father, "he's worth any other two

men — and I can't find the two."

Proposals have been made to freeze labor on the farm. Not many farmers think that would work. "Tell a man he's *got* to work for you and his efficiency will drop 50 per cent," said a Michigan farmer.

What we need is not only a liberalizing in the application of the Selective Service Act to permit trained men to stay on the farm, but a national conviction and declaration that the man on the farm is performing as essential and patriotic service as the man in the factory, the merchant marine and the armed forces. Why not medals for farmers as well as for fighters?

THE DOOMED CASTLE

WHOSO is vassal to himself as liege,
And digs about his mind a moat to bar
Himself against the world, is under siege;
And never castle stood in such a war.

— W. F. JENKINS

Conscientious

Objector —

One of them tells calmly, simply,
how his kind live, work, feel . . .
in a Federal camp . . . how the people
of the neighborhood react to them. . . .

Watch for this enlightening article!

CYCLE IN MINK

A Story

BY VICKI BAUM

"EIGHTEEN hundred and ninety dollars," said the beautiful girl at the bar. "They're just throwing them away because the season is over."

"Quite," said the elderly gentleman with the dotted butterfly tie.

"What do you mean 'quite'? I'm telling you, you'll never see a mink coat like that for so little money. Why, it's a steal!" said the girl, looking at herself in the mirror behind the bar.

"I mean the season is quite over," the old gentleman said gently.

"That's what I'm telling you. If you wait till next winter you'll have to pay twice as much for a coat like that."

"It is barely possible that mink coats won't be the fashion next winter," the old gentleman said. "Yes, Joe, another gin-and-tonic, if you please."

"Martini for me. Now, look here, Puky, let's be serious about this. If I get this mink coat now . . ."

"My lovely, but I *am* serious, I

assure you. I just asked you in all seriousness if it ever occurred to you that a mink coat might be out of fashion next winter. After all, there is a war on, and people getting killed all over and the whole world spattered with blood. Moreover, they say the Germans have bombers with a seven-thousand-mile range, which means they could bomb little old New York to pieces and be back for lunch. I'm not sure how this will influence the creative imagination of the fashion designers, but I beg to submit my humble notion that mink coats might soon get out of style."

The girl studied her escort's lined face. There was still some Sun Valley tan left on it, and it was neatly framed by gray hair. In a way, old men were much nicer to go out with, especially when they had plenty of money and took good care of themselves. You made more of an *entrance* in any night club with a guy like Puky. Made the young boy friends of other

girls look like punks. Discovering a flicker of amusement concealed under his well-groomed moustache, the girl moved half an inch closer. With every movement she emanated a tiny wave of Chanel Five, a jingle-jangle of bracelets and a warm rush of vulgar, primitive, victorious femininity.

"Aw, you're just kidding," she said. "I oughta have known it! But I still fall for it every time. Well, when could we go and look at that coat?"

"Why has it to be a mink coat, my little rainbow? Supposing I'd give you one of my Renoirs as a token of my undying affection?"

"Give me one of your *what*?"

"Renoir, you know; the painter."

"Renoir? Sure I know who Renoir is. You don't have to rub it in."

"I bought this one for eighty thousand dollars, and could sell it for eighty-five thousand any day. If I should get hit in an air raid, it would be something lasting to remember me by. You could put it in a safe in the bank for the duration, and afterwards it would be like new again. While with a mink coat you can never be sure the moths won't get into it. True?"

"But I don't want no old picture in a safe. And you aren't going to be hit. I want a mink coat to

wear every day and look pretty in when I go out with you. Don't you want me to look pretty?"

"If it weren't the sort of compliment one expects from the old ass on the cover of *Esquire*, I'd say that the less you wear the prettier you are," the old gentleman said. He was greatly amused with the girl, with the situation and with himself. That was one thing which made it so delightfully comfortable to have affairs with the same type of gorgeous, dumb blondes all your life: they always said and did exactly what you expected. You could count on their reactions. He waited for the flashing side glance that had to come now, the unconscious little movement of shoulders which for a second lifted the girl's small breasts in the tight brassiere, and the tickled gust of laughter.

"Ah, Puky, you're a scream! You're always saying things like W. C. Fields!" she said. "But, seriously, I didn't think it would take so much coaxing to make you buy me that coat. Why, Alice got a mink coat that's a honey. It cost her boy friend two thousand two hundred, and he's only an insurance man."

"I didn't say I wouldn't gladly spend two thousand two hundred dollars on you, even if I'm not an insurance man. I only wonder why it has to be a mink coat. Spring is

here, the crocuses are out in the Park. . . . Why, in the name of heaven, a mink coat?"

"'Cause all the girls have mink coats. A girl without a mink coat looks absolutely silly. I bet your wife has got one, and your daughter, too. You see? A girl without a mink coat doesn't count. Why, it makes it look as if you wouldn't care enough for me. Not as if there weren't plenty of guys who'd be glad to buy me a mink coat any day I'd say the word — and if they had to do it on the installment plan."

The old gentleman registered with quiet delight that this cue, too, had come at the right moment. He picked the girl's hand up from the bar and contemplated it for a moment; the smooth, lotioned, white skin, the lazy, long red nails and well-cushioned, sensual heel, the childish palm without any of the lines which life or intelligence might have etched into it.

II

"Right," he said, "It has to be a mink coat. Not a broadtail, not an ermine, not even a precious sable, mind you, but a mink coat. And do you know why? Because, my little apple blossom, a mink coat is a

symbol. A girl who couldn't extract a mink coat from an ardent admirer would be a flop — she hadn't arrived, maybe she never would. . . . The transaction is always the same, only the symbol changes. Four years ago it was silver foxes. Seven years ago it was square-cut diamonds. Twelve years ago it was a penthouse in the West Seventies. On the Upper Congo it is a string of cauri shells. You know, when I was a young fellow, back in Europe, mink was called *nerz*, I'm sorry to say, and it was just good enough to have my grandmother's old winter coat lined with it. And my grandmother spent very little on her wardrobe. But then, when I was a young fellow in Vienna, a *Gummiradler* was what a mink coat is in New York today."

"A what?" the girl said, getting angry.

"A *Gummiradler*, if you'll forgive me. I can't help it, that's what it was called: a *Gummiradler*."

"Aw, why can't you talk a white man's language! You and your Old Vienna. *Nerz!*"

"A *Gummiradler*, my precious, was the result of a certain Mr. Dunlop's invention of the rubber tire, or, as we called it then, the pneumatic tire. A *Gummiradler* was a coach or a carriage or a fiacre or whatever you want to name it,

with two horses and said pneumatic tires around its wheels. And, believe me, no mink coat could ever have made the sensation the first *Gummiradler* caused when I was a young fellow in Old Vienna. Another gin-and-tonic, Joe, please. And a Martini for Madame."

"Well, what has your whatever-you-call-it to do with my mink coat, I'd like to know?" the girl said, getting impatient.

"Oh, I'm coming to that in a moment, golden delicious," the old gentleman said complacently. "Supposing I get you your mink coat now. Where will I be if, six months from now, you fall for some guy who can offer you a set of rubber tires—a thing neither money nor love will be able to buy then?"

"You're just kidding," the girl said.

"It has happened to me before. Why shouldn't it happen again? It's a sad story and I wouldn't like to see it repeat itself," the old gentleman said, sparkling with amusement.

"What happened to you before?"

"That I was let down because I didn't have rubber tires, Cleopatra."

"Don't tell me," the girl said, changing her strategy. Sometimes you got better results by not harping too much on the thing you

wanted. Humor the guy, let him tell his silly old stories, he'll come around, by and by . . .

"You understand that happened before there were automobiles, if you can imagine such a thing," the old gentleman said. "One's place in the social strata was definitely marked by the sort of vehicle in which one went around—at least in Vienna. I suppose it was the same Paris, in Budapest, Bucharest, and every other gay town where beautiful young women could easily make a romantic career. If you were poor, you walked; you trudged through the streets and saved the nickel which the streetcar or the omnibus cost. I was a poor young student of the Technical Academy, and I walked and liked it. But then I fell in love with Anna, and Anna had tiny feet and high heels and didn't like to walk. Anna was beautiful; in fact, every girl I ever fell in love with was beautiful. It is, in a way, very hard on a man when his first love is too attractive, because it spoils him for other, more solid and less striking qualities in women. There is no greater insult than to tell a woman that she reminds you of another woman, and so I won't tell you that Anna was very much like you. But, as I said, she didn't like to walk, and I gave up my break-

fast to save the money I needed to take her out on the streetcar or the omnibus.

"The streetcar, mind you, was a gay, jingling affair, pulled by three horses with bells around their necks; and the omnibus was rocking and bouncing on wooden wheels out to the Vienna Woods and the sweet little old villages around the town. With every bounce and jolt, Anna would be thrown against my shoulder. The trip lasted hours; we were holding hands and struck up acquaintances with other passengers, and I had no complaint to make. Did I tell you that Anna studied to become an opera singer? Yes, that's what she did. She had a voice just as rich and the color of spilled honey as her hair, and a lazy sort of ambition; she wanted to get rich and famous the easy way — and she did, in the end."

"*Nerz*," said the girl dreamily.

"You must think of Anna in an omnibus as you would of a girl today who can't afford a fur coat at all, not even one of those horrors which are lamb but pretend to be beaver. Girls who rode on an omnibus then, would be girls with a muskrat collar on their thirty-dollar coat today, you understand? Well then, I got my first job, and Anna had outgrown the omnibus

stage. That was when she sometimes made me take a cab. You were alone in a cab, see, you could kiss and make love, and you belonged to a better class of people. The horse cab was still bouncing and rocking; it still had wooden wheels with iron bands; and while we proudly rode in a cab, what Anna really wanted was to ride in a fiacre.

"A fiacre, my sweet, had two well-fed horses instead of one emaciated nag. It had a swanky coachman, and a trip cost about five times more than in a cab. You could hire a fiacre on the street and then it would bear its number on its headlamps, and although riding in a fiacre put you at once into a higher stratum, a fiacre with numbers wouldn't be equal to more than a sable-dyed squirrel coat today. If you were in love with a young person of easy morals and wanted to keep her in style, you had to hire a *private* fiacre, one without numbers; in other words, a fiacre which pretended to be exclusively used by her.

"When Anna got her first engagement at the Imperial Opera and the papers began to write about her and the gay young blades saw her on the stage and besieged her with propositions, Anna put an ultimatum before me. It was

to be a private fiacre, without number, or nothing. There were plenty of guys just waiting to offer her a private fiacre . . .”

“I’ll bet there were,” the girl said.

“Well, I was crazy about Anna and I practically ruined myself to get her that private fiacre,” the old gentleman said. “I worked more than was good for my health. I spent to the last nickel the small capital my father had left me, and then I began to make debts and got into the hands of loan sharks. But I’m not complaining. I wasn’t the first nor the last man to wear himself to a frazzle for a girl like Anna, and I had lots of fun, thank you. In a way men like to pay the highest price for their women. They don’t think of themselves as being suckers. They simply think that they got the very best and most expensive there is to be had on the love market.

III

“Another Martini for Madame, Joe. She’s getting bored just when I’m coming to the climax of my story. Just one more minute, my white parakeet, and you’ll see where the mink coat comes in.

“That was the momentous year when the rubber tire appeared for

the first time on the streets of Vienna. It was a social upheaval. It was a revolution, only we didn’t know it. Ever since that first bright fellow invented the wheel, a wheel had been a wheel and nothing else, I don’t know for how many thousand years. But now there were wheels with or without rubber tires, and that made a complete cleft straight through society. It didn’t take long, and you could see the first lovely ladies of stage and ballet careening around in fiacres without numbers but with rubber tires . . . *Gummiradlers*, in a word. Soon you either belonged to the *Gummiradler* set or you didn’t, and that was that. The old Emperor, for instance, still rode around on wooden wheels when no self-respecting hussy in town would have been seen alive without pneumatics. The same conservative old ladies who today wear Persian lamb coats in daytime and ermine at the Metropolitan, would then cling stubbornly to their old carriages without pneumatics. But the smart ones, the young ones, the beautiful ones and the kept ones, had to have a *Gummiradler*. You see what I’m driving at? Anna had to have a *Gummiradler*.

“That was when I had to give up. I couldn’t go any farther. I was at

the end of my rope. I couldn't afford a *Gummiradler*, and Anna couldn't afford to ride in a vehicle without rubber tires. It would have made her look silly, old-fashioned, inelegant and a failure. It would, in other words, have looked as if she were unable to find a man who cared enough for her to hire all the *Gummiradlers* she wanted. So I had to give up Anna. Anna cried very much when we parted because, as she said, she still loved me. But not only did she find a man who could afford to give her a *Gummiradler*; after a while he even married her and she became the Baroness Schrodenbacher. He was a stuffed shirt holding some sinecure in the ministry for agriculture, and had some money. For a while I was the most desperate fellow in the whole of Vienna. I began to drink. I contemplated suicide. I thought it was more than I could stand. I don't know how my life would have developed hadn't Mr. Dunlop made his confounded invention which came between me and Anna. But in the end I resolved to leave Vienna, get away from my own desperation. That's how I came to the United States."

"Well, and what's wrong with that?" asked the girl.

"Nothing, as far as I can see. Over here I became what the re-

porters call a tycoon and made lots of money and found lots of girls just as attractive as Anna had been. I had lots of fun and am still having it, thanks to your refreshing company, my peach melba."

"And what became of her? Of that Anna girl back in Vienna?"

"Ah, that's where the rub comes in. You see, she stuck it out with her Baron, until the automobile became fashionable. When the man with the automobile appeared on her horizon and all her husband could offer her was a *Gummiradler*, she gave him a kick in the pants and went off with the other guy."

"Imagine! And you never saw her again?" the girl said, dreamily ignoring the hint.

"Oh yes, I did. When I went to Europe, in 1906, I had a much better automobile than the man who had taken her away from her Baron. And so she went on a trip to the South of France with me. It was fun, but it didn't mean anything to me — and that's why I don't believe in mink coats."

"I see," the girl said vaguely. "But you shouldn't tell such stories, Puky. Makes you old. Imagine a guy who had love affairs before they had cars."

"Yes, imagine! Interesting, isn't it?"

The girl contemplated this while she was draining her Martini, till she came down to the olive. Then she gave up with a little pout. "And they really called it *nerx*?" she asked.

"Unfortunately they had no other word for it, my lovely he-taira," the old gentleman answered.

"Aw, quit clowning, Puky," said the girl. "Do I get my mink coat now?"

Message to the United Nations

BY GENERAL CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ

AN ATTACK directed to the destruction of the enemy which has not the boldness to shoot, like the point of an arrow, direct at the heart of the enemy's power, can never hit the mark.

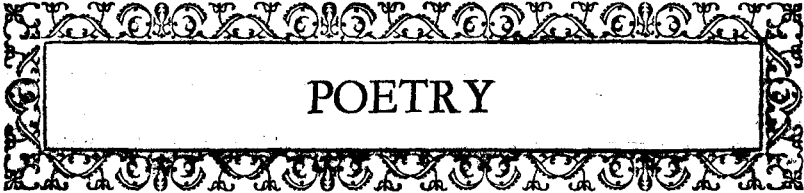
* * *

Against the enemy at whom a great blow is aimed, there must be no defensive or minor theaters of war. The chief attack itself, and the secondary attacks, which for other reasons are combined with it, make up this blow, and make every defensive on points not directly covered by it, superfluous. All depends on this principal attack; by it every loss will be compensated.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE VANQUISHED GERMANS —

A SYMPOSIUM by George Creel, who headed President Wilson's information service in World War I; Hugh Gibson, one of our foremost diplomats; James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany; and President Charles Seymour of Yale.

In a coming issue of THE MERCURY. Don't miss it!



POETRY

CHRIST THE HUNTSMAN

BY JEREMY INGALLS

WHERE mountains break
All roads to foot-cut track
Such as eyes hardly nor memories trust
Even fleeing doom, avoiding the glacier's crest,
We have met the hunter
In the fell of the chamois,
We have met the hunter
In a green coat.

Where thunders break
The sky after the death-track
Of light such as eyes nor memories trust
Even seeing the living spared in the fire's crest,
We have met the hunter
In the fell of the chamois,
We have met the hunter
In a green coat.

Where worlds break
To comet-blaze razing the track
Of space, of space we dare not trust
Beyond our path, doubtful, cut to this earth's crest,
We have met the hunter
In the fell of the chamois,
We have met the hunter
In a green coat.

SONNET

BY WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

I QUESTIONED the sky: if it were still hollow
 And got from the shell of night the old answer
 And heard the wave of the day far on the endless
 Curve of hidden shore swelling and breaking;
 And of the earth: if it were rich or fallow
 Spending such flowers from so many bones, or
 Ejaculating and eating itself were mindless,
 And saw only an endless sleeping and waking.
 I thought, if there is power and glory forever,
 At most to each of us once, and then only
 That moment in the sun's searchlight — in that while
 I turn to you, you turn to me, and never
 Weep for the night, but as if we were not lonely
 Take hands; as if we were one, lie down and smile.



THE PARK

BY JEAN GARRIGUE

THE *ceremony of innocence is drowned,*
 Yeats says, and I who cannot understand
 Go to the public park to weigh
 That elusive and prehensile datum.
 Squirrels I meet, eating with their hands,
 And pigeons with intoxicated heads,
 The violent old like Leonardo's imagery,
 The matron, nursemaid, middle-aged delinquent,
 The captain babied by his discipline,
 All these detained in duty's ruin I meet.
 And in each face that passes me
 I look for that ascendant radiance,
 The eyes which never turn aside

And belong to others as a tree belongs
To cloud and climate of adjustment.
But the soul, not so public as the face,
Refuses to be seen while all around
The secrets of the plainest bush
Bare their honest reasons to the sun
And bluntest, most enquiring animals.
My will like theirs now halts the quest.
Such privacy has spoiled the heart indeed.
The centre of that fury in which we live
Is confessed by no one but the dead.
Like strangers forced by hate, we greet
Who find no saving faith before the brink
And have plunged down into its boiling dark.



ACCOUNT CANCELLED

BY CONSTANCE CARRIER

What she is now, she is
by grace of you
whose faithlessness has left
this residue:

a clarity of sight
hereto unknown;
a logic irrefutable
as stone;

over these wounds new armor
for defence,
and, secret in her eyes,
new reticence;

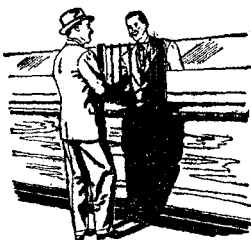
and in her heart distrust
of further grief;
and in her mind the strength
of disbelief.

Three ways for a man in uniform

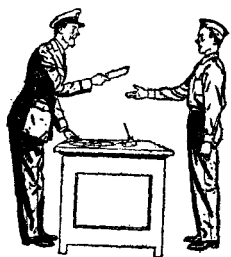
Many of our policyholders have asked:

"How can my life insurance be kept in force while I am in the military or naval service of the United States?"

For the benefit of Service men and their relatives, we should like to point out that there are three principal methods by which those who have entered the armed forces can keep their life insurance in force.



1. Direct Payment. You, or a member of your family on your behalf, may make premium payments to your agent, or by mail, or in person to a Metropolitan District Office, or to the Home Office.



2. Government Allotment of Pay.

Under this arrangement, you may authorize the Government to make deductions from your pay each month and remit them to Metropolitan. The Company will adjust your premiums to a monthly basis for this purpose, no matter on what basis you have paid premiums in the past. Your commanding officer will provide the required form which you can fill out authorizing the Government to make these deductions.

to keep his life insurance in force



3. Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act. Among other things, this Act provides that policies, eligible under the law and approved by United States Government authorities for the benefits provided by the Act, will not lapse while you are in the Service during the present emergency. Unpaid premiums are charged as an indebtedness against the policy, subject to an accounting and settlement with the Government when your service is over, or

upon prior maturity of the policy.

The form on which you can make application for the benefits of the Act, and any other information in regard to it, will be provided by the Government through your commanding officer. In general, insurance not in excess of \$10,000, in good standing and not subject to any limitation as to cause of death, is eligible under the Act.

EACH of the above methods of keeping your life insurance in force has its advantages, depending upon individual cases. The important thing is to make sure that it is kept in force while you are in the Service. The Company will be glad to assist you in arranging the method best suited to your particular circumstances. If you are a Metropolitan policyholder, consult your agent or a District Office, or write to the War Service Insurance Bureau at the Home Office in New York City.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT,
OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE**

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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► *America swings the balance in aligning the Moslem peoples.*

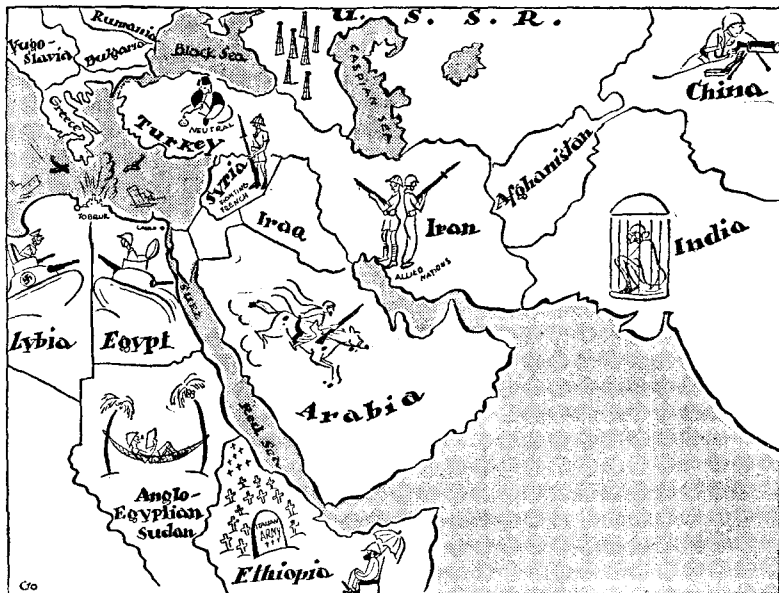
DIVIDED LOYALTIES IN THE NEAR EAST

BY EDWARD J. BING

ON HIS return from Russia and the Near East, early in September, Winston Churchill announced the removal of the Tenth British Army from the joint Middle East Command and its organization as an independent army centering around Persia (Iran) and Iraq. This new army, he indicated, "may eventually give support to the Russian left flank and will, in

any case, defend the soil of Persia." The move is clearly a product of Churchill's conversations with Stalin and may well presage a decisive stage of the war. While the rigors of the Russian winter preclude major operations farther north, Hitler may concentrate on the Near East.

Under these conditions, the attitudes of the Near Eastern popula-



tions become matters of military importance. In Burma, we have learned a negative and in the Philippines a positive lesson about the rôle of native morale and loyalties in the Orient. Burmese support of the Nipponese invader was a determining factor in the loss of that area, whereas Filipino loyalty to the American cause helped to make the heroic resistance possible. Now that a significant phase of the war is shaping up in the vast area that includes Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Egypt and the rest of the Moham-medan world, the United Nations cannot afford self-deceit and wishful thinking in their estimates of the conflicting and often contradictory local loyalties. Policy decisions must be based on the unvarnished reality.

In Turkey, the situation is more favorable to our cause than in the regions east and south of that country. Unlike Iran, Iraq and Syria, Turkey is loyal to the democracies. For one thing, the middle-aged generation remembers its personal experience of the Germans in World War I. At the start of that war, the Turks set great expectations on the Germans, whom they had known only by repute as great organizers. But soon the first contingents of German troops arrived

and a good many German officers and civilian "organizers" with them. The prestige of the Germans vanished like a mirage. The Turks resented the arrogance, insincerity and brutality of their German allies, and before long, looked on them with hatred and scorn.

Those sentiments have left indelible traces in the memory of that Turkish generation. Practically all the men in charge of Turkey's destinies today belong to that generation. Ismet Ineunu, the President of the Turkish Republic, and Marshal Fevzi Cakmak, Chief of Staff of the Turkish Army, held important posts during the first World War and know the German character at first-hand. This basic Turkish loyalty to the democracies, of course, does not constitute a firm guarantee of Turkish policy, but merely gives our side an advantage as against the Axis.

Afghanistan, though rarely mentioned in the news, is in the front rank among German military and political objectives in that region. Its position between India and Persia gives Afghanistan both political and strategic importance. It has a well-trained army, several hundred thousand men on war footing. In a backward country like Afghanistan, there is no such thing as public opinion. The word of the King,

Mohammed Zahir Shah, or rather of his counsellors, is law. Today, as in 1917, the attitude of the Afghan court is one of strictly watchful neutrality.

The political situation in Egypt is extremely delicate. The native Egyptian army has neither fighting spirit nor real military value. The civilian population is divided in its sympathies. Court circles and big landowners are pro-Axis. The *fellah* — the poor, illiterate, downtrodden peasant — has no opinion that counts. On the whole, he is against the Occidental influence and hence against the British, but he is influenced by the attitude of the leading political party in Egypt, the Wafd, which he regards as his spokesman.

The Wafd is deeply nationalistic. There is no doubt that it represents the great majority of Egypt's population. Until quite recently, British policy in Egypt was handicapped by Whitehall's imperialist traditions. The orthodox element in Westminster supported young King Faruk and his late father, King Fuad, against the Wafd. Only recently, London changed its course and suggested to Faruk that he co-operate with the Wafd, so that Nahas Pasha, the head of that party, became Premier.

Nahas and his supporters, who

constitute the decisive element in public life, are fully aware that if Hitler takes Egypt its present independence, fruit of protracted political struggle with the British, would be swept away. They know that it would be replaced by ruthless domination and exploitation by the "Nordic master race" on the Polish, Czech and Norwegian model. But they are also extremely jealous of their country's freedom from British influence, which they are anxious to restrict to the military field.

As for Iran, it would be a flagrant untruth to claim that the ruling circles and the population like the democracies. It would be equally untrue to say that they like the Nazis. Their attitude can best be described as one of "malevolent neutrality."

Most Persians belong to the fanatic *Shia* sect of Islam, which hates the majority of its fellow-Moslems (who adhere to the *Sunna* sect) as much as it hates non-Moslems. The bulk of the population is illiterate and violently opposed to foreigners of any variety.

Probably the most useful result of the ruthless methods of the former Shah, Mirza Riza Pahlevi, was the "liquidation" of the feudal tribal chiefs, who were an Oriental counterpart of the robber barons

of medieval Europe. They had defied the central government, kept the country in perpetual chaos, and made themselves available to foreign powers for "assignments" against hard cash. These political desperadoes — among whom Mirza Küтчүк Khan, a powerful pro-German tribal chief in western Persia, used to rank first — are no longer in the picture. But venality in Iranian public life has not been wiped out. There is no doubt that many German political agents still hide in and around the country and are secretly active. The loyalty problem in Iran remains grave.

II

In Iraq, there is an almost universal animosity against the British; in Syria, against the French — both the de Gaulle and Laval partisans. This, however, does not mean that these countries are pro-Axis. As in Iran, the general attitude towards the democracies here is one of "malevolent neutrality." Syrians and Iraqis regard this war as none of their business. Their leaders know well enough that a Hitler victory will mean the end of the independence of Iraq, reaffirmed by the British in June 1930, and of the independence of Syria, recognized by the Fighting French in Septem-

ber 1941. Yet, should the military situation of the democracies in their sector become desperate, they would probably not hesitate to negotiate with Hitler's agents.

Iraqi and Syrian dislike of Britain and France has nothing to do with the present war. It goes back to long years of friction and to the bloody revolts of 1925-27. Fortunately, there are also some important leaders and groups in the Near East who, while harboring no sentimental attachment to the democracies, are convinced that Syria and Iraq have more to gain by co-operating actively with them.

Among these men, the present Premier of Iraq, Nuri Pasha Es-Said, is the most prominent. He was a friend and collaborator of Lawrence of Arabia and has never changed sides since, although he is primarily an Arab nationalist and, as he told me himself a few years ago, "stands first and foremost for the interests of Iraq." His rival and bitter enemy, Rashid Ali El Ghailani, the "Quisling of Iraq," engineered the short-lived revolt against the British in the spring of 1941 with money and help from Berlin. He is now in Germany, together with Hajj Emin El Hussein, ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, "Quisling of Palestine," and the leading Near East England-hater.

The highest political aim of most influential Mohammedan intellectuals and political leaders in Arabic-speaking Asia, including Iraq, Syria, Palestine and Saudi Arabia, is the creation of a Pan-Arab Federation made up of those countries. The ruler of Saudi Arabia, King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud — Ibn Saud for short — is looked upon throughout the Arab world as the only candidate for leadership of the Pan-Arab Federation. And fortunately, he has long been a British sympathizer. In the present war, he sided with the British at a critical moment. When Rashid Ali El Ghailani sprang his *coup* in Iraq early in 1941, he implored Ibn Saud to back him up. Had Ibn Saud done so, it would surely have been the signal for a general and probably successful pro-Axis uprising from the Caspian to the Red Sea. But Ibn Saud stood by the British and Rashid Ali had to flee to Germany.

With Ibn Saud at the head of a Pan-Arab Federation, Iraq, Syria and the other Arabic-speaking regions of Asia would be definitely aligned with the democracies in the post-war world. The creation of such a Pan-Arab Union, moreover, might provide the framework for a solution of the thorny Zionist problem in Palestine. The Holy Land could be organized as a feder-

ation made up of two *cantons*, one Jewish, the other Arab, on the Swiss model, and this federated Palestine would form part of the major commonwealth of the Pan-Arab Union. That some influential Jews are thinking along similar lines may be surmised from a recent article by Dr. Judah L. Magnes, head of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, advocating a “bi-national” Judeo-Arab Palestine and its participation in a Pan-Arab Federation.

A ruthlessly frank diagnosis leads to the conclusion that the most that Allied diplomacy can achieve in the key countries of Iran, Iraq and Syria is to convert the hostility of politically important elements to a neutrality of friendly hue. Though the democracies are in occupation of those countries and the population unarmed, the diplomatic effort is well worth undertaking. Meager as it may seem, such a shift in the balance of local loyalties may prove all-important.

The desert stretches of the Near East are even more favorable to fifth column activity on a big scale than the jungles of Burma. Besides, the powerful Bedouin tribes of this region are armed and they know the desert as no one else does. As front-line combatants, the Bedouins are worthless. As auxil-

iaries, scouts, saboteurs and fifth columnists, they are extremely effective.

The powerful Anese tribe in the north Syrian desert can muster up to fifty thousand horsemen and camel riders, armed mostly with modern Lee Enfield rifles. Farther to the south, on the border of Palestine and Transjordan, the Rualla Bedouins have some five to six thousand armed horsemen. Colonel Lawrence's famed Bedouin irregulars came mostly from the Rualla tribe. On the Iraqi border, the tribes of the Beni Harb and the Muntefiq can put important units of armed horsemen in the field. For centuries, the allegiance of the Bedouins has gone to the highest bidder. Nevertheless, a less pronounced anti-Ally attitude on the part of certain Syrian and Iraqi leaders would probably discourage the Bedouin chiefs from stirring up trouble.

Thus we cannot afford to remain passive. It is essential that the "neutrality" of a number of influential native leaders assume a friendly character. This can be brought about. But the job must be done immediately, before it is too late. To allow the situation to drift, leaving the initiative to the Axis, may prove disastrous for the Allied cause.

III

In Turkey, all we need to do is to show the Turks that we have faith in them. The Turk has a good deal of pride and a high sense of honor. During many years of personal contact with Turks in every walk of life, I have found that a Turk will do almost anything for you if you deal with him on a basis of true equality instead of adopting a paternalistic attitude. The Turks are on our side. We must not upset the relationship by emulating the Old World's too-clever, shifting diplomacy. Our biggest chance of retaining the loyalty of the Turks is by remaining loyal to them.

Practically the same rule applies to Egypt. If the British continue to co-operate openly with the Wafd party and its leader, Nahas Pasha, now in power in Cairo, and give the cold shoulder to the flirtatious advances of the wealthy, reactionary and anti-parliamentary big landowners who surround King Faruk, Allied political interests are not likely to hit a snag in the Nile.

As for Iran, our primary job there is to allay the fear of the population, and especially of the intelligentsia, that their country may not be evacuated and its full sovereignty restored after the war. A

similar assurance should be given to Iraq and Syria. In addition, in the case of these two countries and the Arabic-speaking Near East generally, the assurances must include support for a Pan-Arab Federation when the war is over.

But, it may be objected, in September 1941 Britain did announce that Iran would be evacuated after the war and the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, did promise British support for a Pan-Arab project in the House of Commons in the spring of 1941. Why repeat the assurances? Because — let us say it frankly — the natives have no faith in the assurances made to them in 1941. Distrust is at the bottom of their hostility. Local leaders point to the promises given the Arabs during the first World War and disregarded when that war was over; no amount of argument will dislodge their skepticism.

In what form, therefore, can the assurances to the people of Iran and to the Arabs in 1941 be reiterated now to win their credence? The answer is this: *in the form of an official and unequivocal announcement by the United States*. America will be listened to and *believed*.

Such action by Washington would in no sense amount to interference in internal British or

French affairs, since Iran, Iraq and Syria are formally sovereign states, in which the United States maintains legations and consulates, and are full-fledged members of the United Nations. Such an American move would even strengthen British prestige. To give the American action the added value of logic and plausibility, it should, of course, be taken at a propitious psychological moment. For instance, as American forces are being concentrated in ever larger number in that region, the arrival of some major military unit or some high-ranking American officer in Iran or Iraq might provide the appropriate occasion.

As one who knows the Arab mind fairly intimately, I venture to suggest the nature of the American statement. It could begin by pointing out that before America entered the war, our British allies and the Fighting French took up a stand in the Near East to defend it against military attack and moral infection by the Axis. It could go on to assert that now, having joined the United Nations in the struggle against tyranny, America has an official voice in Allied affairs and hence desires to associate itself publicly with the assurances given by its British and French allies in 1941 concerning the future of the Near East. Then the statement

could conclude by repeating in behalf of the United States the promises that the Near East will be evacuated when the emergency is over; that the sovereignty of Iran, Iraq and Syria will be respected; and that the United States, hand in hand with its British ally, will help the project of a Pan-Arab Federation when the Axis is beaten. In view of the peculiarities of the Near Eastern mind, it would be well to add a few firm notes to the pronouncement: to leave no margin of doubt that America is determined to permit nothing and nobody to upset Allied plans.

Only those aware of the almost legendary prestige which America enjoys throughout the Near East can appreciate the importance of such a move. That prestige is not merely negative in character, in that there has never been the slightest friction between America and any of the Arabian groups. It has a pronounced positive side. Such widely known cultural institutions as the American College in Beirut, Syria, have been contributing elements. But the principal factor is that the natives have never had to be afraid of the United States. The absence of fear creates trust. Every intelligent person in the Near East is sincerely con-

vinced that the only thing America is interested in internationally is trade, which seems altogether right and praiseworthy to the commercially-minded Near Eastern peoples. They know by experience that conquest, political or military domination of other nations is foreign to the American mind. The USA is the only great power of whom the Near East has never been afraid.

The British, who know the native mind thoroughly, would unquestionably welcome America's intercession as guarantor of their assurances in order to transform a malevolent into a friendly neutrality. With Uncle Sam as John Bull's underwriter in the Near East, we can eliminate the hostility of a great many important native leaders and groups at one of the most critical moments of the war. Preponderance of military force and superiority of military strategy will tell the story in the Near East, as elsewhere. But local native loyalties will play their part in shaping the final outcome. Only good psychology will influence those loyalties. Open-minded, realistic understanding of the Moslem world and its problems, and intelligent action based on that understanding, are needed *now*.

MEN OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

DURING the winter of 1932, I lived almost as an Arab, with the Amir Abdullah of Transjordan. Sometimes his brothers, King Ali and King Feisal, would come to stay. Then we would sit in the great tent at night, listening to a minstrel from Mecca, where Abdullah, Feisal and Ali had lived as boys. Abdullah's palace was in the desert town of Amman, which was the Philadelphia of Roman days. There were Arab ponies for me to ride in the coolness of late afternoon, and at night, sheiks and desert warriors would join us, to doze over their cups of bitter coffee or to throw their clattering dice on the backgammon board.

The Amir Abdullah's country was protected by the Royal Air Force. Marauding neighbors, bred upon pillage and rape, were easily subdued by our Fairy Gordon planes. They would fly over the lawless Arabs, dropping their salutary pamphlets. When this first literary appeal proved futile, machine guns were called upon to enforce the British argument. As I

lay in the garden of the palace during the long, warm days, I saw the British aircraft flying over the desert: the desert where Abraham had walked; the same desert over which Lawrence led his Arabs.

One day I left the Arab princes and traveled south, to the Royal Air Force station at Ma'an. I lived for three months in a white, mud-walled fortress which rose from the sea of burning sand like a stark and lonely ship. It was a strange life. When people were coming to lunch with us, we did not look along the desert road for them. We looked up to the sky. Pilots would arrive from Baghdad and Damascus and our letters were flown down to us from Jerusalem.

To this day, I know very little about flying. For me, all the mechanical arts are lost in a deep well of ignorance. So it was as men rather than pilots that the members of the Royal Air Force interested me. They were a new breed. They lived on laughter, justice and integrity, with a certain amount of poetry thrown in. They flew over

Nazareth, with its slim cypresses against white walls; over the gaunt hills of Judea and the little houses of Tiberias. Sometimes, when the Dead Sea was smooth as glass, they said that when they looked over the side of their aircraft, they could see the ruins of Gomorrah in the water below.

I think the chief attraction of the pilots lay in their lack of humbug, their ruthless contempt for pretense in others and their passionate belief in the Royal Air Force. Not merely because it was a British institution: the flag-waving days were over for them. The smooth voices of diplomacy, the slick arguments of Westminster and the "by gad, old man" Englishman were packed away, in dust and rosemary — and even rue. Flying took these pilots into another world. Their charter was in the sky and they were the companions of the sun. Naturally enough, they were cleansed of a good deal of the corruption, greed and artfulness which make the rest of us — anchored to the earth — appear to be rather unpleasant people. Their friendship was an exciting compliment. In them, I felt that England might have a second chance.

One morning a crippled aircraft arrived from Egypt. The officer lunched with us while his aircraft

was being repaired. I can remember saying to him: "It is wonderful that you can have such faith in your mechanics." He said: "Yes. That *is* the wonderful thing about the Service. One knows the ground staff will never let you down."

He flew off to Egypt again and, in the afternoon, I walked up to the hangars and found the sergeant who had been in charge of the repairs. I told him what the officer had said. The sergeant answered: "Oh, the boot is on the other foot. Imagine what it feels like when you are a craftsman, to have your work completely trusted like that . . . to know that the pilots place their lives in your hands."

II

It was upon such faith that the Air Force was built. The young pilots who were junior officers in Transjordan in 1932, leaping over chairs, having battles with raw eggs in the mess and waltzing in the cafés of Jerusalem, had become senior officers in the Service when the Battle of Britain was fought in 1940. They helped to design its awful majesty. The relationship between the pilot from Egypt and the sergeant in charge of repairs at Ma'an, magnified a thousandfold, supplies one of the chief reasons

why the Battle was won.

I stayed in the desert for a long time. One night I was sitting in front of the officers' mess when a pilot said: "Oh, well, I think I'll fly up and take a look at Jerusalem." I went with him. We flew in an open aircraft, towards a colossal saffron moon which hung over the city. Then out to the edge of the Mediterranean, where we could see the final edge of the silver sea, moving restlessly against the coast. It was about the place where Jonah had his unhappy experience with the whale. Then we flew up towards Mount Hermon, with its summit hidden under snow. I covered that great span of country in what seemed to be a handful of minutes and I was back in front of the mess in time to drink my iced whisky and soda before going to bed.

I returned to England, later on, and bought a farm in Essex. Nearby was another farm which I passed very often, waving good-bye to the old ploughman as he dozed over his furrows. One day some officers came from the Air Ministry and gave the farmer a check. The placid acres, which had been farmed since the days when East Anglians sharpened their swords against the Danes, were turned into an airdrome. The old ladies in the neighboring gardens were livid. They didn't like

the noise, so they wrote to the *Times* and to their Member of Parliament. They didn't like the pilots very much, either. They were wild young men, with noisy motorcars. The boys had the gay independence of sailors ashore, so the old ladies rattled their teacups under their cedar trees.

Some of the pilots with whom I had flown and caroused in Jerusalem came to see me and the friendships we had made in the desert were sealed once more, on the cooler earth of England. The pilot who had flown me over the Mediterranean landed in my clover field when he came to rest with me, on his way to Scotland. When I brought electric light to my house from the main line, I ran the wires underground so that the fields would be free to be used as landing grounds. The air over our part of Essex was busy with aircraft day and night. A new generation of pilots arrived at the airdrome, but they were all from the same mould: lively with slang, hot with courage and as true within themselves as the tides.

I saw the Air Force expand. The pilots came to my garden or they flew over my house. But the old ladies rattling their teacups beneath the cedars would not relent. It was no use my telling them that the pilots were all swell guys, that

they were gallant and full of guts. The old ladies wouldn't have understood.

Then came the strange summer morning when I stood by the window of my bedroom and heard Mr. Chamberlain speak. The *Pax Umbrellica* had come to no good. He said: "Consequently, we are at war with Germany."

I went over to the airdrome to see the squadrons taking off for France. They were the boys I had seen grow up. For me, their flight across the channel was but the fulfillment of a promise I had heard in the desert, eight years before. Their farewell, on that awful September morning, was in no sense dramatic. Their chief concern appeared to be the packets of Keating's insect powder which they had in their pockets. They had a very English and hygienic attitude towards France. One of them, who was to win his DSO and his DFC with a bar, was a tousle-haired youngster still. He had crashed his car in a ditch the night before and he was watching the airdrome gate anxiously, hoping that he would be able to take off for the war in France before the police arrived to question him. Most of these boys have been killed since then. As I worked in the Air Ministry, I saw their names come through, one by

one, so that my memory of those years before the war is a procession of dead faces.

But it is easy to go on writing of character and merely sound sentences. Let me give you pictures of two pilots I know in the Service; their stories may lend evidence and proof to my contentions.

III

Eight years ago, I was coming back from Australia by sea. We reached Freemantle and among the passengers who came on board was a boy who had been sheep farming in the north. It was a filthy life; no life for a boy born and bred in the safety of England. His body was covered with bandages which hid the wounds from seventy boils. They had been lanced without an anaesthetic, on the deck of a stinking little schooner, as he came down the coast of Australia. He was returning to England with the morbid conviction that he had failed. One had to work very hard to shake any laughter out of him. On the night before we arrived in Colombo, he told me his story and said: "You see, my trouble is that I have got an awful inferiority complex. That's my difficulty and I don't know what to do about it."

It was so hot when we came to

Suez that the vultures seemed to sag with exhaustion as they wheeled in over the sand dunes. But we looked up and saw two silver aircraft flying towards the Sinai desert. We watched them for a long time, until they were lost in the east. My friend turned to me then and said: "You know, I think that I'd like to fly. I can remember when I was a boy in the last war. I was about four. We lived near an airdrome, and when the pilots were coming home, they would circle over the house and if there was enough food, my mother would spread a tablecloth on the tennis lawn to tell them that they could come to dinner. And one of them used to hold me over his head, with both hands, and run with me to give me the idea that I was flying."

He went into the Royal Air Force. I think I can say that his inferiority complex has disappeared. He has brought down thirteen German aircraft since the war began, and recently I waited for him at the gates of Buckingham Palace: the King had given him his DFC.

His adventures were strange and varied. After one combat, he was shot down and he descended over the sea in a parachute. He was calm enough to light a cigarette as he drifted slowly into the shore. A Messerschmitt circled around

him as he came down. The Germans are not very great gentlemen on such occasions and they often shoot. This one must have had some spark of gallantry in him, for he lifted the hood of his aircraft and, after waving to my friend, he flew off towards the French coast.

But it was not only in bringing down thirteen German aircraft that my friend established his achievement. It was within himself that his victory lay. A little time ago, I saw him form his own squadron. Authority came, to attend upon courage. He could command, with the curious, instinctive judgment that comes so soon to these pilots, when the essence of a lifetime is crowded into the little hour of battle. They become a strange mixture of gravity and foolishness. Their conscience is strong and their imagination is startling.

I said that I would tell you of two pilots I have known. Well, in the first year of the war, when the bombs began to fall and the Thames ran scarlet with the reflection of the fires, I slept in the Air Ministry. A miserable life, deep in the earth, with hot-air pipes and close-packed bunks for company. We were usually ten or twelve, sleeping in one room. As our fears abated, as we learned to balance danger with chance and accept the bombs as

the inevitable habit of the night, we soon became brave again. But it wasn't all bravery. We were bored and it seemed more agreeable, after a month or two, to face the bombardment of the night and risk extinction rather than sit in morose expectancy, waiting for the death that did not come. So we paraded the streets and watched the magnificent horrors of the night — the ornaments of death, illuminating the sky and thundering down about us.

IV

There was a pilot in the bunk next to me who would never leave the shelter once the siren had sounded. I came to know his story after a day or two. He had been flying in bombers since the early days of the war. One night, while returning to the English coast, his ship crashed into the sea — three hundred miles from land. He was unconscious, but he soon recovered to find that his ankle was broken. Nevertheless, he had to get out of the plane. He climbed through the fuselage and found the rubber dinghy, which he threw into the dark water. Just as he was about to dive, flames burst from the aircraft and the gasoline on the sea formed a curve of fire, almost surrounding the dinghy. The pilot

saw two members of the crew swim towards it and climb in, so he dived into the sea after them. When he came to the dinghy, one of the men said: "There isn't a paddle and we're drifting towards the flames."

The pilot took a rope over his shoulder and swam against the tide, with his broken ankle, until the fire died down. Then he climbed into the dinghy. Early in the morning, the survivors were found by a destroyer and brought to the English coast. The pilot was ill for four months. He had been posted to the Air Ministry because, he said, he felt that he could never fly again. We used to eat together and, gradually, we both conquered our different forms of fear. After a week or so, we forced ourselves to walk about the streets during the blitz.

One night we were walking near Westminster Abbey when the bombs began to fall. Very soon, the Thames was scarlet from the reflection of the flames. We stayed up all night, and when the first light of morning came, upon a London that was bleeding and shattered, we walked along the Strand. Buildings we had seen the day before were heaps of rubble, sprawling across the pavement. Little tongues of flame still licked the corners of the great advertisements. We walked up to Covent Garden and saw the mar-

ket: the porters carrying their great trays of cinerarias, daffodils and hyacinths. Then to a little pub, where the Cockney market men were drinking their morning beer. The pungent smell of the bombs — something like old mushrooms, or the strange smell that comes when you press a piece of steel hard on a grindstone — had crept into the bar. The stink of the night was still in our nostrils. We talked to a little man, a cheerful little Cockney with a pinched but happy face. His wife was with him, but she was silent. They had lost everything. "The bombs fell like hailstones," said the little man. "Me and my missus went along to see our daughter and when we got home — well — it wasn't there." The woman clutched her glass of guinness and lifted it to her wrinkled lips. Her face was static with grief.

When I walked away from Covent Garden with the pilot, he was silent for some time. Then he said: "Well, that makes up my mind. You can't sit on your tail and let these people suffer like that. I'm going back to flying." And he kept his promise.

Since then, my friend has dropped a bomb on Rostock in memory of the little house in Gray's Inn Road, where the Cockney and his wife used to live.

V

The war has helped civilians to appreciate the valor and achievements of the air crews in the Royal Air Force. But I doubt if they will ever comprehend the spirit which binds the Service together. The pilots, observers, gunners and ground crew speak, laugh and think in their own secret tongue. They are satisfied with this secrecy, and are shy and even suspicious of any attempt to intrude upon it. Their jokes are their own and their pleasures — simple as the games which children play — are halved when they have to be shared with strangers. This character isolates a Service mess from civilian life — and it is not easy to define.

In peacetime, as in war, imaginative pilots do not expect to live for long. Death becomes their companion when they are very young. This intensified risk is the price they pay for being allowed to live with the wind, the rain, the sun and the stars. They come to know the heavens better than they know the earth. Pilots, gunners and observers share this magnificent privilege, although they seldom speak of it among themselves. They may have a limited vocabulary, but the thoughts behind their pedestrian sentences are mighty and beautiful.

The doubled risk of death never makes pilots and their companions morbid. Indeed, it is half the explanation of their gaiety and half the explanation of another key to their especial character. Members of the Air Force seldom drink merely to stimulate false ecstasy or to drown depression. They drink to celebrate. Each time they land, they are grateful for life. Each death of a friend is only what they have come to expect. Each funeral they attend is but the forerunner of their own. Death is less an end to them than to other men, for they are already intimate with it when it comes.

How many times have I seen a little group of bareheaded pilots, so young that life is still a gift, fresh in their hands . . . carrying a coffin into a church, or seeing it lowered into a dark hollow and the earth being thrown upon it! With their grief, which is too deep for demonstration, is the haunting phrase: "I'll be carried along like this myself some day." But there is no remorse. They do not necessarily conquer fear. They adapt themselves to it and beat it into a positive part of their character. For their fear and their sensibility are one. They go back to the mess and leave poor old Joe in the dark earth

and they drink to him and say what a bloody fine type he was and what rotten bloody luck it was that Joe did not die like some poor man-worm, fixed to the earth. He was one of them, for he wore wings. And, if there is any immortality for pilots, Joe may still be one of them, enjoying the great spaces of the heavens.

We who are older tremble with grief as they die. Most of us have only the names of dead men to remember. We are lonely in our generation; its ranks are very thin. The war is already old and a new generation is flying out from our coast to baffle the enemy. Those of us who are older are seeing a fresh tragedy forming itself about us. We have lost so many of the pilots whose character and vision would have helped us in peace, as in war. That is Britain's real tragedy. The mean and old and crafty men survive in war. So we look ahead in grim anxiety, hoping that there will be enough of the young left to design this vague, elusive Freedom for which we are supposed to be fighting. Our fears deepen as we realize that so many of the men who guarded our flesh during the Battle of Britain will not be alive to guard our spirit when the war is over.

► *The alcoholic answer to "catarrh"
proved a patent-medicine bonanza.*

THE HYPOCRITE'S HIGHBALL

BY ROBERT GUNNING

"**I**F I EVER go to hell," Dr. Samuel Brubaker Hartman, sole owner of Peruna, told his staid midwestern associates of the 'Nineties, "it won't be because I gave anybody medicine." Since Dr. Hartman was not only a practicing physician but also proprietor of the fastest-selling nostrum at a time when the patent medicine business was a free-for-all, his contention rings loud with paradox. It was a direct admission that, despite his fabulously profitable Peruna venture, he had never distributed, prescribed, dispensed or administered medicine. In short, that Peruna, contrary to the faith of fanatical millions who depended on it, was not medicine at all.

Curiously enough, this amazing statement is supported by such authorities as the Supreme Court of New York and the Treasury Department of the United States — so far as Peruna of a vintage prior to 1906, the Year of the Great Borborygmus, is concerned.

Dr. Hartman's million dollar catholicon spread its bracing fragrance in the courtrooms of New

York State at a time when a legion of imitators, using such decoy names as Pruna, Peruvina and Purina, were trying to snare a part of Peruna's booming profits. The Peruna Company had battled its imitators through many courts but it was in New York that the defendants put up their best fight. They used a simple, direct approach. They maintained that so long as they did not use the copyrighted name of Peruna they could gallop free rein. As for the *medical* formula of the nostrum, they argued that it was incapable of imitation for the persuasive reason that "there is no medicine in Peruna." The court tested six bottles from assorted lots and returned decision that there was not an allopathic dose of medicine in the entire half-dozen taken collectively.

The cubeb, stone root, capabia and collinsonia canadensis in Peruna were of such small quantities as to be disregarded, the court asserted. The alcohol, on the other hand, which averaged 27 per cent in Peruna and sometimes 30 per

cent during the winter months to prevent freezing in transit, was recognized by the court, as well as by the common citizen, to be in sufficient quantity to produce a widely identifiable reaction. What Dr. Hartman was administering may not have been medicine but it was a commodity which had enjoyed a generally constant demand since the discovery of fermentation.

This withering decision of the New York court did not shake public acceptance of the famous remedy. The Anti-Saloon League and the churches had already begun to force liquor and spirits "underground." Instead of falling off, the sales of Peruna continued to rise. It far outstripped Greene's Nevura and Paine's Celery Compound, which previously had a wide popularity among those requiring stimulation or balm.

The legal word from Albany gave Dr. Hartman no surprise, of course. He had developed a handy pattern of rationalization with which he cushioned himself for such blows and at the same time kept himself in adjustment with the moral middle class world which he respected. Dr. Hartman had always contended that the principal effect of medicine was psychological and the record of his long career as a private physician does list some

remarkable cures he effected with nothing more than milk sugar and bicarbonate of soda. He preferred to mix the medicine in the patient's presence, assiduously measuring the white powders on the end of his knife, and mixing them in a mortar with intense concentration. And if, at any time, he needed to bolster his rather mystical belief, there was plenty of written corroboration on hand. His rationalization was buttressed by testimonials of amazing cures, set down on reams of stationery which ranged from cheap butcher's paper to the most modish rag stock. Thousands of letters flowed into the Peruna Company offices each month praising the health-giving qualities of this secret cocktail of the arid plains of Kansas.

II

Peruna became a national institution, however, largely by accident. It developed as a by-product of Hartman's ambiguous career. Although the doctor first mixed it when he was a young man, he did not become aware of Peruna's full potentialities until he was fifty. Meanwhile, he had made and lost two smaller fortunes as he tinctured his doctoring career with a crimson desire for quick profit investment.

At the age of twenty-one he was a poor country carpenter. Under circumstances entirely proper, he shortly discovered that religion and business could be mixed successfully and in the summer of 1852, the staid offices of the American Bible Society were made to bustle by huge orders coming from a country salesman in Ohio. For a few months, Hartman had turned his magnificent talents toward convincing the German farmers that they were in need of Holy Books. He earned eighty-two dollars the first week and thereafter hired an assistant to deliver and collect while he conserved his own energy for the sales contact.

At Farmer's College in Cincinnati and in a doctor's office at Medbury, Ohio, his home town, he took the brief medical training required in those days. Then, in order to raise money for an office of his own, he fell back once more upon selling. This time he sold trees to Kentuckians, a feat loosely comparable to selling snowballs to Eskimos.

His first office in Vandalia, Ohio, was crowded from the beginning but the patients did not pay and so he moved on to Tippecanoe City nearby, then to Millersville, Pennsylvania, where he practiced twelve years after further training at Jefferson

Medical College in Philadelphia.

Peruna was conceived in Tippecanoe City and born in Millersville. A "neutralizing mixture," mentioned in a standard medical work of the time written by Dr. Beach, planted the seed. The formula had been recommended to him by a professional friend. Hartman worked over it and completely altered it for his own devices. As for the name, Peruna, the doctor sucked it out of his thumb. It meant nothing, but was calculated to stick in the memory. Hartman customarily wrote it by syllables, Pe-ru-na, so as not to muddle the tongue of even the simplest folk. He came to the conclusion, which he later expressed privately, that "no drugs or combination of drugs, with the possible exception of quinine for malaria, will cure disease." He did believe that a "gentle stimulation" produced good results and for this purpose he prescribed Peruna.

Measured by a small-town scale, Hartman did well financially in Millersville. His practice was profitable and he increased his capital by means of investments. As he neared forty, he even toyed with the idea of retiring. But in 1868, bad investments wiped out his small store of riches and left him only five hundred dollars. The demands of a

growing family and a doggedness which refused to accept defeat led him to fall back once more upon selling. This time he would sell his medical skill. If he had done well within the approved code of medical associations, he could do several times as well in the less dignified role of traveling, advertising "bonesetter." Thus a notice began to appear in newspapers of the larger cities: "Dr. S. B. Hartman, the celebrated physician and surgeon, will be at the Hotel — for consultation."

III

The straightening of crossed eyes and club feet were among the "bonesetter's" specialties but he consulted on all ailments. To those who suffered from that dread nineteenth century malady, catarrh, he recommended Peruna. Twenty years of roadwork netted Hartman \$100,000, most of which he lost in the panic of '93. Until then Peruna had been only a sideline. But when the doctor retired from the road at sixty and turned full attention to his patent medicine, it made millions for him. After a few short years of Peruna's success, the loss of twenty years' savings appeared no more than a nickel down a sidewalk grating.

Dr. Hartman undertook the manufacture of Peruna when patients complained of the way druggists were compounding it from his prescription. Hartman, the salesman, saw an excellent excuse for eliminating the middleman and collecting the profits for his own purse. Thus the tonic became an all-Hartman product in 1877. At the same time, he began to catch the first vision of what an all-embracing ailment catarrh could be. Moreover, he took the first thousand dollars gathered in his cash drawer and circulated broadsides telling of "the prompt and permanent cure for catarrh." Finally, he selected an up-and-coming city attorney of Columbus, Ohio, where the Peruna Company had located itself, to manage the business.

Meanwhile, the doctor had opened the Hartman Sanitarium in Columbus. It was a cross between a hotel and a hospital and was projected on the idea that the doctor's travels could now be thrown into reverse. On his extended tours of the nation he had hypnotized many with his medical prowess and they had told their friends. Now, instead of doctor's going to the nation at large, the sufferers would travel to Columbus for advice and treatment. The sanitarium added to the doctor's profits and gilded

his reputation somewhat more on the side of fame than of notoriety, which was always a delicate balance for a patent medicine proprietor. Reformers of the time referred to him as "Dr. Shekel and Mr. Snyder."

In the late '90's the Peruna mechanism was shifted into high gear. The doctor's advice on medical matters was solicited from every state and territory in the union. Full page newspaper advertisements from coast to coast offered the advice of the "celebrated surgeon" free. A corps of young assistants, headed by Dr. C. S. Carr, answered the thousands of letters which presented personal health problems. Their job was easy because an ailment was seldom mentioned for which Peruna was not advertised as a cure.

It was in the early 1900's that a nasty rumor circulated branding Peruna as no medicine at all but merely a form of booze. The scandal was made more odious by the intimation that temperance folk relied on it as a means of achieving the beneficence of alcohol without its accompanying stigma. The enormous popularity of Peruna in dry Maine and Kansas and in Indian Territory was an indication that it was a weapon against more forms of distemper than those con-

finied even in the broad definition of catarrh.

The little fleas that feed on the bigger fleas began to appear in the patent medicine business. Southern newspapers advertised a new remedy "guaranteed to cure the Peruna habit." The situation in Indian Territory converted the United States Government to the point of view that Peruna was no medicine and should be licensed, like other stimulants. C. F. Larrabee, acting commissioner of the territory, issued the following order: "The sale of Peruna, which is on the lists of several traders, is hereby absolutely prohibited. As a medicine, something else can be substituted; as an intoxicant, it has been found too tempting and effective."

Surely, in some inner core of his curious nature, Dr. Hartman must have felt shock at this flood of accusation that Peruna was booze. He was a strict temperance man himself. He didn't even drink Peruna. Aside from his extravagant feeding habits, he was an ascetic.

But the nationwide fight against Peruna became a rallying point for the vanguard of the temperance movement. Even before Congress responded with the Pure Food and Drugs Act, the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Depart-

ment made it hot for the Peruna Company. By this time, Hartman was in his seventies and had long ago given up barnstorming. His younger assistants went to Washington to exercise their right of petition and their sharp talent for lobbying. They couldn't block the rising tide. Late one summer afternoon, they dispatched a telegram to the doctor: "Treasury Department rules Peruna must have medicinal before an alcoholic effect."

Almost immediately quantities of blackthorn bark, a powerful laxative, were dumped into the Peruna retorts and the radically altered remedy was marketed to an unwarned public. We are indebted to the late Dr. Ira Mizer for the identification of this time of trial as the Period of the Great Borborygmus. The term is medical but it has, upon important occasions, been pressed into more general use. The layman's dictionary defines the word as a "rumbling of the bowels."

IV

The catastrophe was, of course, nationwide. It engulfed the country in a circular wave expanding from Columbus, and took effect in each section as rapidly as cases of the "improved" Peruna were

shipped and sold. Dr. Mizer contended that much of the confusion of 1906, attributed to Teddy Roosevelt and the San Francisco earthquake, was actually the result of this other important event which has remained veiled to a large degree because of shame and prudishness. Dr. Mizer was in charge of the company's correspondence at the time and was thus in a position to gauge the extreme and thoroughly justified alarm that swept the country. Tens of thousands were discomfited beyond measure as their customary tippie was translated overnight into a harsh and ruthless purgative.

Sales of Peruna hit the toboggan. A few years after the Great Borborygmus, Peruna was selling by the case where it used to be sold by the carload. Nevertheless, those who believed in Peruna solely as a medicine were such a vast herd that the company continued to be a figurative gold mine. Several years after Dr. Hartman's death in 1918, Peruna still netted a quarter of a million dollars a year.

Disaster could scarcely crumble an institution built solidly on such epic foundations as the scourge of catarrh which swept the United States at the turn of the century. At this period, the Peruna company frightened the people in every

American community large enough to have a newspaper with huge ads bearing the testimonials of delivered sufferers. One full-page spread told how catarrhal diseases took the amazing total of more than 466,000 souls in the United States in the census year of 1900. The Census Office fails to mention catarrh as a killer in the mortality statistics for the same year. It sets forth consumption as the greatest killer, although it took only a paltry 111,000 lives in the entire nation. Undoubtedly there was, as the same ad said, "an urgent need for Peruna in every state" since this wonder medicine had saved no less than 200,000 from catarrhal death in 1900. And what was catarrh? In short — whatever ailed one.

Dr. Hartman wrote a book titled *The Ills of Life*, which the critical reader soon realized was but another way of saying catarrh. Appendicitis was known as catarrh of the appendix; Bright's disease as catarrh of the kidney; heart disease as catarrh of the heart. Just before the whole thing got out of hand, an inspired copy writer of the Peruna Company put it this way: "Catarrh is capable of changing all the life-giving secretions of the body into scalding fluids."

A random cataloguing of physical disturbances that Peruna was

advertised to cure includes occasional loss of memory, cough, rapid loss of flesh, all climatic diseases of the winter, backache, dull headache, trembling knees, neuralgia, mumps, hayfever, insomnia, nerve exhaustion, lack of appetite, excessive poison and bile, biliousness, colic, women's complaint and rheumatism.

The old Peruna ads were composed chiefly of illustrated testimonials. At the beginning, the statements, names and portraits were those of plain people who praised Peruna voluntarily or in hopes of getting the twenty-five cents promised in a come-on letter. Later, the Peruna publicists drummed for bigger game. When they reached their crescendo, more than a score of generals and admirals, fifty Congressmen, numerous governors, and members of the bench, bar and clergy boosted the catarrh cure.

Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, Commander of the United States Navy at the battle of Santiago Bay, was quoted in praise typical of that which came from such dignitaries. It gave no indication that the noted one had ever tasted the remedy himself. It read: "I can cheerfully say Mrs. Schley has used Peruna, and I believe with good effect, (Signed) W.

S. Schley." Former employes of the Peruna Company say that, to the best of their knowledge, the Admiral received \$1000 for his words.

When the doctor died, he was one of Ohio's richest men but once he was gone the fortune dwindled. The estate was left in the protection of an executor who died shortly before the heirs accused him of embezzling half a million. Nevertheless, despite reverses, the fortune is still sizable. It totaled about two million dollars at the last accounting and includes the

chief legitimate theatre of Ohio's capital city, which the doctor built for his stage-struck daughter; a marble mansion, now unoccupied, and a large hotel building which is now used for state offices.

As big industry, the old Peruna has passed. There is still a product of the same name which is recommended to its users solely as a cough remedy and tonic and meets the legal requirements of our time. But there are still thousands who defend Dr. Hartman's original elixir. They have never been, nor will be, disillusioned.



THE ABC OF HEART DISEASE

BY PETER J. STEINCROHN, M.D.

THE unqualified statement that "too many people are dying of heart disease" is accepted by the average American as an unpleasant but incontrovertible fact. It is as firmly fixed in our medical folklore as the misconceptions that one must exercise to be healthy, that ice cream taken after a seafood dinner is poisonous, that oysters and beer do not mix, that normal blood pressure is one hundred plus the age.

How great is the toll exacted by heart disease? Has there really been an alarming increase in the death rate through this malady? The answer is that there *has* been an increase but that it is *not* alarming. On the contrary, the fact that a larger number of heart deaths is being written into the statistics is one of the proofs that medicine is making progress.

The key to this seeming paradox is the fact that the incidence of heart ailments rises in direct proportion to rising age. As science succeeds in lengthening human life, therefore, the volume of car-

diac diseases and mortality from these causes is higher. Thus, in a sense, there is cause for satisfaction in the increase of heart deaths.

In the past, too many died young. Slowly, but certainly, we are overcoming that. Like grass under a lawnmower, infectious diseases are being cut down. Typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, pneumonia, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, measles — with every year, their depredations are being further limited. For example, three and five tenths times as many people died of pulmonary tuberculosis in 1900 as in 1937; seventeen times as many died of typhoid; twenty times as many died of diphtheria. Many alive today still remember what scavengers these diseases were. Measles is one-tenth as fatal as at the beginning of this century; scarlet fever, one-eighth; whooping cough, one-third.

The man who might have fallen prey to typhoid or small-pox before forty is quite likely to succumb to heart disease when he is seventy. The girl of twenty-three

who has survived a siege of pneumonia with the aid of sulfadiazine is perhaps destined to surrender to heart disease in her sixties or seventies. Two more cases of heart death will thus be reported because these two lived long enough to succumb to weakness. There are more and more millions of men and women who have cheated death at earlier ages and thereby contribute to the mortality statistics for heart ailments.

The fact is that the total number of heart deaths is being swelled constantly by the continual prolongation of life expectancy in the United States. At the turn of the century, only seventeen out of every hundred persons were over forty-five. By 1930, the percentage had risen to twenty-three, of whom almost four million were over seventy. Today, more than a decade later, the proportion of old people is still larger and that, in turn, provides a more fertile ground for the development of the degenerative types of heart disease. More than 60 per cent of all deaths occur after forty-five; about 70 per cent of these are due to cancer, diabetes, cerebral hemorrhage, kidney disease — and chronic diseases of the heart and arteries.

The past forty years have seen a welcome improvement in heart

disease as it affects children, the 'teen age group and young adults. Among white persons, cardiac deaths in those under twenty-four have declined almost 50 per cent. In the ages between twenty-five and forty-four, the death rate due to heart ailments was 25 per cent lower in 1933 than in 1918. The increase in heart disease, in other words, has not come in the younger categories.

There is such a jittery pessimism on the subject that exaggeration is the rule rather than the exception. The writer has asked dozens of persons to estimate how many more people died of heart disease in 1940 than in 1900. Guesses ranged from five times to twenty times as many. Actually, there were 292.5 heart deaths per one hundred thousand population in 1940 as against 132.1 in 1900. In spite of all the shouting, therefore, a little more than twice as many died in 1940 as forty years earlier.

Even that figure, however, needs correction. Some of the increase, at least, is more apparent than real. Let us look behind the statistics:

In 1940, we had 385,191 heart deaths — forty thousand more than in 1936. The total included one hundred thousand coronary heart deaths (angina pectoris and coronary thrombosis), which were also

about forty thousand above 1936. Death from disease of the heart muscle (myocarditis, caused by high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries) expanded by fifty-two thousand in this five-year period. That, however, does not mean that we have suddenly turned into a race of cardiac weaklings.

The real explanation is that we are reporting more cardiac cases because we are better able to recognize them. We are better equipped to make correct diagnosis. Such instruments as the electrocardiograph and the X-ray reduce the uncertainty. Thousands of deaths formerly credited to acute indigestion, for instance, are now properly described as coronary artery deaths. The great increase in deaths through myocarditis means merely that physicians have acquired new habit patterns in filling out death certificates. The doctor, like his patients, has become heart-disease conscious. Where he used to fill in "hypertension" or "chronic kidney disease" or "arteriosclerosis" in years gone by, he now is likely to write "hypertensive heart disease" or "cardiovascular renal disease" or "arteriosclerotic heart disease."

In sum, there is no reason to be panic-stricken about heart disease. Doctors can discover it earlier — if you give them the chance —

and they can do more to meet its threat, if you co-operate. This is especially true for the early and middle years. Deaths in the older age groups are certain to rise, because those groups are more populous; and among them will be a large proportion of heart deaths, because the heart, the most marvelous mechanism in the amazing human body, finally does succumb to the ravages of time. Death through heart disease, after all, is often another way of saying death through old age.

II

Have you become apprehensive about your heart? Has it been skipping, palpitating, cutting capers? Have you been experiencing undue fatigue, shortness of breath or discomfort in your chest? If so, the first point to remember is that "you can't do business with heart disease." Procrastination or compromise is deadly. Your only chance to live longer and more comfortably depends on taking proper steps at once, recognizing the nature of your opponent, and refusing to negotiate.

Too many patients have traveled the dreary, hopeless road of cardiac illness from Munich to Vichy, only to realize that repeated attempts

to appease their symptoms ended in failure. They have consequently concluded that "nothing can be done anyhow." But such defeatism is without foundation. Something *can* be done. Thousands have lived, quietly and contentedly, to a ripe old age despite defective hearts.

Your heart is a living timepiece. It ticks off the smaller pulsations of existence. Life ceases with that last contraction of the heart muscle. Your job, therefore, is to preserve and replenish its seemingly inexhaustible energy. The heart is not the eighth but the first wonder of the universe. It beats over three billion times between birth and total surrender. It is living proof of the superiority of blood, muscle and nerve over metal. Clocks and watches — which tick a mere two billion times in seventy years — are consigned to the junkpile long before the normal heart begins to tire. But just as overwork soon wears out the insides of all man-made machines, unnecessary strains take their toll of your heart.

This sturdy organ has remarkable stamina. Consider that it leads no simple, machine-like existence. It is ever storm-tossed: affected temporarily or permanently by emotions, life-pace and illness in any part of the body. It may be

said with justice that the heart laughs with the gay, cries with the sad, grieves with the worried and suffers with the sick. Without re-winding — or the advantage of periodic overhaul — it must meet the demands of the human organism.

Should the heart stop beating for ten seconds, death comes winging. One can hold his breath a minute, fast for five days, lose consciousness for ten hours, while lungs, stomach and brain idle along without irreparable damage. But when the heart stops, everything stops. The brain, liver, lungs and all other organs die, too, though they may be in the prime of condition, because the central power supply has shut down.

It's a tough bit of machinery, the heart, to carry such a burden through six, seven or more decades. Given half a chance, it will produce those three billion or more beats necessary for mellow old age. Even after it has in some way been tired or damaged, it will persist with amazing tenacity if not called on for tasks beyond its strength. The question, then, is how to give the heart a maximum chance.

Once the diagnosis of heart disease has been made, the spirit of despair must be cast aside. The patient must determine to co-operate

fully, knowing that there is almost inexhaustible hope. He must adjust himself psychologically to the fact that a change in his mode of life is more essential than any medicine. Too often patients want to take short-cuts to health. They want a few pills or a few weeks in bed to repair a condition that may have been years in the making. They refuse to accept a fundamental revision of their way of life. These are the people we read about in the obituary columns.

If your heart is weak, successful treatment in the end depends as much on yourself as on your physician. The heart patient who gets into difficulties in calm weather, so to speak, has only himself to blame. Somewhere, in some way, he has become careless. Heart disease is amenable to treatment if the afflicted person will learn the basic facts and make a few necessary adjustments. Here are a few of those facts, applicable to the well no less than the ill, since care of the heart is similar in all conditions, except in the matter of degree:

1. Heart disease is neither hopeless nor incurable. Experience has shown that the optimistic patient fares better; that one who doubts the outcome, who surrenders to fear, has two strikes on him before he begins treatment.

2. The most effective means of saving the heart muscle are rest and relaxation. Special medicine and other forms of treatment are but the branches of the therapeutic tree, useless unless the sap of rejuvenation seeps through the trunk. The tiring or exhausted heart must be revived by the nourishment of protracted rest.

This means that you must learn to relieve tension — an art that is difficult and acquired only by practice. Learn, for instance, how to take five- or ten-minute catnaps, how to lie down for half an hour after lunch, how to refrain from activity immediately after eating. A hot drink or a warm bath promote restfulness at night. If sleep is neither deep nor relaxing, your physician will prescribe a proper sedative. Never run when you can walk; never climb over an obstacle if you can go around it. Undue exertion during a seeming emergency has too often created a real one. Learn to drive your car without tension. Get out of bed slowly. Muffle harsh bells. If your muscles need tightening, don't risk excessive exercise, but rely instead on passive exercise, such as massage; and massage, too, should be gentle at first, increased gradually, leaving you refreshed rather than fatigued.

3. Eat sparingly and, for your

heart's sake, never *over-eat*. Any organ in the body that is obliged to over-work immediately forces the heart to share its burden. Your doctor will tell you how often an overloaded stomach has brought on a heart attack. If you are careful of your diet, your weight will remain within normal limits. And that's important, because overweight means extra work for the heart. Though you rest and follow all other directions carefully, the continual struggle against unnecessary fat in your system will tire the heart prematurely. An extra load of fat is like carrying a sack of potatoes on your back all day, except that you have to take the weight to bed with you at night. The fat do not live as long as the thin, even if they have no heart involvement.

4. Over-exercise is detrimental even to healthy individuals, yet heart patients are frequently guilty of unnecessary exertions on days when they feel better. If their living pace could be controlled by an automatic governor which would prevent high speed of existence, it would guarantee added years of comparative health.

5. Medicine, unfortunately, has not yet found the cure for worry, which is itself a disease as well as the irritant for other diseases. Some

people have a low threshold for worry and recover from the shock of unpleasant events more slowly than others. The writer therefore hesitates to recommend "Stop worrying," and must content himself with the admonition to worry *less*, in the interest of your heart.

6. What of mineral springs for heart conditions? The actual values are hard to measure. The waters in themselves are not curative, though they are helpful; but the régime enforced in watering places is definitely useful. These resorts, if well run, promote restfulness and lessen strain. However, it is better to remain at home and learn how to rest and relax fifty-two weeks a year than to try to make up in a month's vacation at a spa the damage done in forty-eight weeks of living at top speed.

7. If you require an urgent operation, do not worry unduly. Many heart patients do well under anesthesia. Especially is it true if they have lived sensibly and stored up an ample reserve to meet the added strain.

8. To marry or not to marry is a problem often posed by heart patients. It is a problem for which no generalized solution can or should be offered. Only a physician familiar with all the facts of the individual case can venture advice.

Certainly, the prospective husband or wife should inform the other of any existing heart condition. Over-indulgence in sex, like all excess, is obviously a strain on the heart. An abrupt transition from sexual abstinence to the married state may, in some cases, be more of a challenge to a weakened heart than is advisable. Ordinary heart disease is no contra-indication against having children. Many young women with rheumatic heart disease have come through one or two pregnancies without evident heart strain; others have not done so well.

9. Alcohol acts as a useful drug for many heart patients, though again the variations are so wide that every individual case needs individual guidance. Recently, a man was examined who was dissolving nitroglycerine tablets under his tongue ten to twelve times a day because of anginal pains. Being a teetotaler, he had to be convinced to try alcohol rather than nitroglycerine. One or two ounces of liquor now and then relax him now, so that he takes nitroglycerine rarely.

Patients with hypertensive heart disease and arteriosclerotic heart disease — especially if they are still obliged to go to business — should never sit down to dinner immedi-

ately on arriving home at night. They should sip a little sherry, brandy or whiskey and recline for half an hour to rest or read. The resulting relaxed state promotes better digestion and removes an added load from the heart. This, indeed, is a sensible practice for most people over forty.

10. Bowels should not be a problem, since in most cases constipation is largely a bad habit. Due to repeated disregard of nature's calls, the rectal signals come farther and farther apart and soon constipation becomes chronic. Of course, there are other causes, such as improper diet, loss of tone, or actual interference with the passage of the intestinal contents. But if one does not become unduly uncomfortable because of infrequent movements, nothing should be done. Only if a single day of non-movement produces headaches, lassitude and other discomfort, should mild laxatives be prescribed by your doctor. Above all, do not succumb to the enema habit. There is nothing so lazy as a lower bowel that has been pampered for years with daily enemas and suppositories.

11. Is smoking harmful to heart sufferers? Before answering, the doctor should consider what Bulwer-Lytton said: "He who doth

not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven." The command "Cease smoking!" should be given by the medical man only when actually necessary. Some patients may continue to smoke without apparent detriment. But there are others for whom tobacco is interdicted and these are pulling the noose tighter around their own necks when they disregard the doctor's instructions. For example, tobacco is known to be "bad medicine" for ulcer of the stomach or duodenum, coronary artery disease (angina and thrombosis), Buerger's disease, generalized nervousness and irritable heart. If your case falls within such groups, don't slow up — stop!

This, of course, does not exhaust the basic facts about heart disease and the regimen it imposes. Moreover, it should not be accepted as a blanket treatment for heart ailment. Generalization of that sort not merely falls short of the mark in individual complaints, but may prove dangerous. Your own doctor is the one to prescribe specific and individual treatment.

The core of the problem, for the heartsick and those with healthy hearts alike, is deliberately to lighten the labors of the normal heart. Bear in mind that you were given about three billion heart beats when you started your joust with the calendar, and that the mechanism must be treated considerably if you expect it to achieve that noble record.



THE THEATRE

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Columbia Wheel, The Gem of The Ocean

Vice and Versa. — The vociferous suppression by the New York city fathers of burlesque at low prices and their silent acceptance of much the same burlesque at higher prices, which has induced wide speculation in the curious, is readily to be accounted for in terms of Article 216 of the American Credo. According to that article, it remains the unsparing conviction of such parties as those in question that a man with considerable money in his pocket is inevitably less susceptible to evil influences, including first and foremost the wayward stimulation of the libido, than a man with little. Or, in other words, that a man living on Park Avenue will piously run for cover at the very sight of a beautiful blonde without any clothes on, whereas one living on Ninth will lasciviously run for the blonde.

The theory that a strip-teaser will arbitrarily so inflame any gas-house district whoremonger that he will become a menace to society but on the other hand leave ab-

solutely cold each and every member of the Racquet Club whose wife has gone to the country is slightly difficult of assimilation. And so, too, is the theory that a good, new, dirty joke will be received with a frozen look by any man who went to college and will rather appeal solely to icemen, plumbers, movie press-agents and other such ignoramuses. It is all pretty hard to understand. But probably no harder to understand than a censorship that prosecuted that fine play about Lesbianism called *The Captive* and winked at the trashy one on the same subject called *Wise Tomorrow*, that was horror-stricken at the prostitution of the dignified *The God of Vengeance* but acquiescent in the prostitution of the rubbishy *Behind Red Lights*, that slammed the gate on Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* but left it wide open on Charles Robinson's junky *Mahogany Hall*, that was outraged by venereal disease in Gantillon's *Maya*, to say nothing of in Brioux's *Damaged Goods*, but accepted it

freely in Arnold Sundgaard's amateurish *Spirochete* and that, after clamping the lid on Margie Hart's strip-tease at fifty cents, appeared to give it its cordial endorsement until five days before *Wine, Women and Song*, in which she did it at a dollar increase, was scheduled to close.

At A Three-Fifty Increase. — In the case of the MM. Lindsay's and Crouse's *Strip for Action* the idea, in brief, is to show what happens when a burlesque troupe tries to give a performance at an Army camp. The trouble with the idea is that, once you state it upon the first curtain's lift, what is subsequently going to happen is more or less obvious. One knows for a certainty that, among other things equally sure to occur, the soldiers will amorously pursue the girls all over the place, the show will encounter moral objections from the commanding officers, several of the gayer boys will get into difficulties in connection with the show, one of the soldiers will be punched in the jaw for getting naughty with the show's leading man's girl, the strip-teaser will be used heavily for comedy effect, the heroine will be made excessively pure in contrast to the show's hussies, and so on down the track. The only thing the

authors can do will be a fresh handling of the details. The present authors have failed to do it.

Here and there a modest laugh pries itself loose from the familiar materials, including several old Columbia Wheel acts, but in the aggregate the attempt to burlesque burlesque, a superhuman feat at best, does not come off, although the audiences, judging from their reaction, don't seem properly to appreciate the fact. They laugh uproariously when a comedian alludes to paying for the little heroine's college intuition; when another comedian's drink of cheap whiskey explodes in a cloud of smoke, as it has been doing for fifty years; when the same performer sings *Asleep In The Deep* in an exaggeratedly tragic basso profundo; when the drummer hits the drum at the wrong moments and the strip-teaser glares ferociously at him; and when the blackout skit discloses the comedian, hidden under the woman's bed, pretending to be the voice at the other end of the telephone in the suddenly arrived husband's hand. They enjoy no end the lecherous soldier who chases the chorus girl into her dressing room and is peremptorily kicked out with the line, "I can't defend my country and my honor at the same time"; the dumb show-

girl who persists in turning to the left instead of the right because, she explains to the exasperated dance director, she is left-handed; the joke about you can't come clean from Pittsburgh; and the fat soldier who returns from a mosey with one of the girls with his face covered with lip-rouge.

And they roar heartily at the semi-nude dancers who come on wearing the mess' tin pans over their breasts; at the reference to the latter as goona-goona; at another reference to the South Sea islands as the Dorothy Lamour country; at still another to the chief stripper as the occupant of the titular rôle; and at the stripper herself when she observes that she doesn't wear pants and when she silently moves her lips at the drummer who bangs at the wrong bump time in the pattern of the term son-of-a-bitch.

And among those in the audience who have revelled in these dramatic belles lettres have been several of the critics who the very night before allowed they were bored to death by the humanity of William Saroyan and the wit of Gilbert K. Chesterton. "I can't remember when I've had a better time in the theatre," enthusiastically wrote Louis Kronenberger in *PM*. "An excellent evening . . .

it introduces us to people it is fun to know in situations which are amusing to share . . . countless lines and incidents are screamingly funny . . . all of these rich materials provide an exceptionally good evening," fervently wrote John Mason Brown in the *World-Telegram*. And, so also, one or two others.

It must give producers who trustingly try to do a bit better by the theatre considerable pause.

Drama At War. — The difficulty with war plays written and produced in time of war lies in the arbitrary censorship which playwrights must inevitably impose upon themselves. If they do not impose it, the public will do the job for them. They have no way out. They must accept the public's attitude toward the war; they must hew to the line of popular thought and prejudice; they must, whether they will it or not, for the most part resign themselves to being mere cheerleaders, or perish. John Steinbeck, for example, found that out all too soon. His *The Moon Is Down*, which pictured the Nazis in a fairly human light, was spurned by the public until, for its road engagement following the New York débâcle, the enemy was presented in a more villainous manner and

hence was more publicly acceptable.

It is only in the way of minor and thematically unimportant detail that a dramatist in wartime may let himself go. If O'Neill, say, were to write the finest play in all American dramatic history with a pro-Nazi or pro-Japanese theme, not only could it not presently be produced but if it were produced it would be hooted off the stage by its first audience, including — as was proved by the Steinbeck play — most of those theoretically unwarped connoisseurs, the critics. At this moment, Steinbeck, I hear, has a new play that he refrains from offering for production simply because its theme and treatment differ from the necessarily conventional dramatic war philosophy. And at this moment, too, Sean O'Casey's eminently worthy *Purple Dust* and rather less worthy but greatly superior-to-the-general-run *The Star Turns Red* cannot be shown because the former presents Englishmen in a ridiculous light and because the latter hits at the democratic theory.

The war play in wartime can at best only reflect the common denominator of public prejudice in a relatively novel manner. Originality, free thought, unorthodoxy are taboo. Patriotism, admiration of

one's allies, contempt and hatred of one's foe must ride high in the saddle. That all this is admirable from a national point of view, even from an individual point of view, there is surely no gainsaying. That it is equally admirable from an artistic and strictly critical point of view — from the point of view of sound and independent classicism — is, to put it mildly, more than doubtful. And it is for this reason that the great majority not only of this war's plays but of the previous war's are and have been, for all their occasional popularity, such critically mediocre affairs.

It amounts to no answer to reply that the plurality of playwrights write only what they honestly and truly feel. Of course they do, and due praise be theirs. But honesty of feeling alone does not, alas, automatically result in fine drama. If it did, *The Morning Star*, to name but one example out of scores, would be a stunning masterpiece, superior even — if we appreciate the inner history of the play — to *King Lear*. The answer is rather that the playwrights would not be permitted to think and feel otherwise even if they would. The general situation is akin to that which in periods of peace would prevent a playwright

from showing a mother-in-law as anything other than a venomous witch, an errant woman as anything other than a foul prostitute, and Fritz Kuhn as other than a combination of Little Eyolf, Rudolf Rassendyll, Sir Miles Hendon and Hänsel und Gretel.

The consequence is that our stages are unremittingly and surfeitingly devoted to telling us, in one way or other, what we already sufficiently know and sufficiently feel. To wit, that the Nazis are odious, that the Japs are odious no less, that the Jews are persecuted, that the English can bear up under bomb attacks, that we Americans are, for all our appearance of being somewhat too lackadaisical, right in there pitching, both physically and spiritually, in times of crisis, and that freedom is a rare and wonderful thing to have lying around the house. Since the changes to be rung may only, as has been noted, be in the direction of superficial detail, it is natural that a long succession of the plays should become tedious, which, with small exception, they do. The reaction is much as, under other circumstances, would be that to an equally long and arbitrary series of exhibits which constantly and unvaryingly apprised us that true love triumphs over all obstacles, that marriage for

money is a grievous mistake, and that George Washington slept there, and always alone.

Which brings us to Maxwell Anderson's war play, *The Eve of St. Mark*. Foregoing for the most part his velveteen verse which has often in the past been so trying and writing with an unaccustomed simplicity, the author has contrived out of the routine chronicle of an American farm boy's pilgrimage from home, family and sweetheart to military training camp and eventual death in the Philippines a satisfactory popular if not always satisfactory critical play, yet the best of the indifferent lot he has negotiated in some years. Embroidering his rooting theme with humorous and occasionally touching threads, he manages to make much of the standard stuff effective audience-bait. But here again we take little more out of the theatre than we have brought in, and only the details linger, which is ever the way of all that is fundamentally hokum. For hokum periodically somewhat deodorized with a humorous and feeling spray is what the play essentially is: the boy torn from his sweetheart, his temptation by a juke-joint tart, his agonies in the malarial Philippine swamps, his visualized dream of home and beloved, his fortitude

under fire, his ultimate sacrifice, his family's heroic dispatch of his younger brothers to follow him in battle, the final curtain speech about fighting to make the world a decent place to live in . . . Nevertheless, to repeat, a more plausible play than several of the author's previous Sardoodledandys.

Revivals. — The season seems rapidly to be taking on the aspect of a seance, with producers in the rôles of so many Madame Celestes applying themselves to the hopeful business of raising ghosts of the dead. These ghosts, or revivals, are seldom happy in persuading the more tasty customers that they are other than three-sheets on wire frames, and as lifeless as ghosts commonly are. Here and there the revival of a little known play like Chesterton's *Magic* happily piques the more cultivated interest, attention and curiosity, but for the most part familiarity with the plays exacts its penalty. For, the great classics aside, little is more disquieting than an invitation to engage again — and sometimes for the third and fourth time — some modern play or show that even on its initial revelation failed overpoweringly to agitate us.

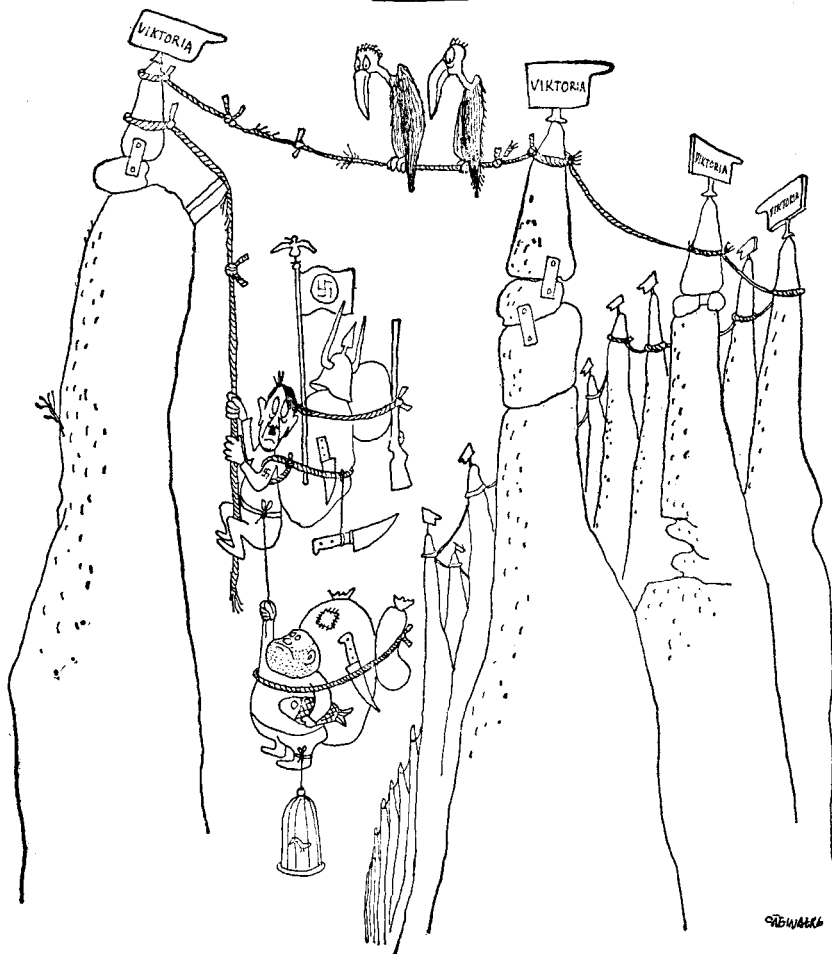
So far and so early in this season we have already been requested to

heat ourselves up over no less than ten such revivals, not including the *Magic* aforesaid: *The Chocolate Soldier*, *The Merry Widow*, *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*, *The New Moon*, *Tobacco Road*, *Bird In Hand*, *Three Men On a Horse*, *Native Son*, *The Time*, *The Place and the Girl*, and *Rosalinda (The Bat)*. And announced for presentation in the early future, as this is being written, are all kinds of others, among them *The Three Sisters*, *Counsellor-at-Law*, *Abie's Irish Rose*, *R.U.R.*, *Girls*, *Burlesque*, etc., etc. The situation, with small exception, is rather alarming. I, for one, am perfectly willing to see *Abie's Irish Rose* or *Three Men On a Horse*, for instance, once, which was and is more than enough, but when I am asked to sit through it a second time and not only sit through it but quietly grin and bear it, I am ready to yell. In the case of some good musical like *The Merry Widow*, things aren't so bad, although I have had my fill of even *The Merry Widow* by now and would much prefer to stay at home and snooze privately and unobserved by the fireside or mayhap go around for a second helping of Bobby Clark or George Jessel which, damn you, is infinitely less lowbrow of me than your going around to look at such inferior

Merry Widow revival comiques as Eddie Garr and John Cherry.

I duly appreciate that there is a shortage of worthwhile new scripts and I also appreciate that there is something to be said for the inter-

est evoked in contemplating new actors in old rôles. Nevertheless, if we must have revivals, why not plays less well known to us and surely, here and there, possessed of more quality?



Road to Victory

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Opossum

FOR MOST of the animals of the earth, to be born is a tremendous shock. It is to come out of the warm, dark fox womb, where there has been no experience of troubling consciousness beyond, perhaps, such sub-awareness as stirs the being of an oak tree or a mushroom spore into a tumultuous apprehension of sounds, movements, tactile impressions. It is to come abruptly out of the non-being of the grouse egg into the blinding experience of the arching sky and the furious sun, and to exchange a silent dimness for a clangorous show of multi-colored phenomena.

Though birth is for most animals so abrupt and enormous a transition in modes of being, there is one woods creature for whom the start of life is a more gradual happening. This creature is the opossum.

Opossums are the sole North American representatives of a very ancient order of animal life, the marsupials, and their lives have the quietness and easy tempo characteristic of many surviving mammals whose biological stock is very old.

'Possum gait is a slow, meandering shuffle; 'possum temper is a placid tranquillity; 'possum wits, in comparison with fox wits or crow wits, are dim and incurious and laboring. Through the long millenniums of earth inhabiting, the opossum has survived and prospered not by development of an agile mind, or by fleetness or fierceness, but by a kind of gentle slowness, a comfortable accommodation to environment, and by that persistent pursuit of a leisurely, protective life way which can sometimes be as effective a guarantee of species survival as nimble wits and fleet agility. The way of the opossum is quietness and low-keyed placidness. The transitions in opossum life are gradual and easy, the life ritual unhurried. The quality of the opossum's life pattern is evident from birth.

An adult opossum is as large as a cat, with grizzled fur, fox-sharp muzzle, and an almost hairless tail more than a foot long. As it crouches quietly on an old stump, watching for the stir of crickets in

the grass, or as it clammers among the high branches of a tree in unhurried search of fruits or nuts, it is nearly as conspicuous and sizeable as a raccoon. But at its birth, in a tree-hollow or an earth-den in the April of the year, it is very little larger than an acorn. It is an infant no bigger than an infant squirrel. Nor is it a full-formed infant, ready in a few days to open its eyes and grow to quick maturity. It has the look less of a newborn thing than of an unborn foetus. Blind, pinkly hairless, its tiny body foreshadows only faintly what the lineaments of adulthood will be. It can move a little, squirmingly; it can open its pink mouth; it has no other capabilities. No other capabilities, that is, but to respond to the drive of instinct that is born in it: to cling, upon expulsion from its mother's body, to her belly fur, and presently to creep, laboriously, unknowingly, along her warm abdomen to a place where there is a furry, pocket-like opening. The opening is her marsupial pouch, token of her membership in that ancient order which includes also kangaroos. Into the pouch the undeveloped infant inserts himself, snuggling in the protective womb-like darkness with his litter fellows, sometimes a dozen of them. Unseeing, unknowing, he takes into his

mouth a milky teat. He grows quiet, sucking. He has accomplished the first stage of his gradual birth into opossumhood.

For as long as six or seven weeks, the baby opossum remains, suckling almost constantly, inside his mother's pouch. Slowly he grows and loses his foetus look and a silky down of soft opossum fur covers him and he opens his black, berry-bright eyes. It is crowded, now, with all the growing brothers and sisters in the warm, elastic hiding place and they are jostled together uncomfortably as their mother swings with slow skill from twig to twig in the tree tops or lumbers on her short legs to the den shelter when she hears an owl.

Cautiously at first, then more venturesomely, the young opossums take to peeping out of the pouch opening, acquainting themselves by degrees with the sights and sounds of the woods world. So gradually is the young opossum thus introduced to the experience of life — and so placid, as well, is the spirit with which his old racial inheritance has endowed him — that by the time his weaning has been accomplished and he scrambles, on some propitious May evening, out of the sheltering pouch, he finds the universe no blinding bewilderment, as more precipi-



'Possum 1942

Frank Utpatel

tately born things must, but a familiar realm which he has long watched and into which he now can enter with comfortable at-homeness.

II

The young opossum, when he has left his mother's pouch, does not at once part company with her forever. The central theme in opossum life is gradualness, slowness, passivity: a gradual birth, so to speak, that the little 'possum, with dimmer mind than most of his contemporary mammals have

evolved, may not be projected with fatal suddenness into the experience of living; a slow learning, tentative, deliberate, of the way of the world; even, at the end, a death not in hot quick combat, but in the passiveness of the slumber that is called "playing 'possum."

So now, after the young opossum has quitted the maternal pouch, he does not at once go afield. With his brothers and sisters, he clambers up on his mother's furry back. He clutches the shaggy hairs with his forepaws, and brings into play the serviceable gift which will mean much in his opossum life: his op-

posable little thumb. He becomes, for the next few days of his life, an external passenger, as he was previously an internal one. On either side of their mother's back, the young opossums cling in rows, their sharp little chins hooked over the ridge of her backbone to steady them, their strong-thumbed little hands holding fast to her pelt. They swing with her through the tree tops; they doze when she dozes. Now and again, when she arches her tail, squirrel-fashion, over her back, they wrap the tips of their own tails around hers and hang from it upside down. Joggling, swaying, watching with bright little black eyes the forest and meadow worlds, the young opossums ride their maternal caravan.

It is usually in the evening or the night when finally the young opossum climbs down from his mother's back and at last trundles off on short, unhurrying legs to pursue alone the quiet rounds of adult opossumhood. For some days, his mother has been obscurely impatient with him, nipping at him, shaking loose his tight grip on her fur and tail. There is a new stir in her furry pouch: another generation of tiny hairless babies has been born to her, evidence of that fecundity to which opossums owe their survival as much as to their hazard-

avoiding life pattern, slow and cautious. It is time for the older group of young ones to go alone.

The young opossum goes in the night, for he knows instinctively that darkness is his time. He trundles off, sniffing and investigating with his sharp muzzle, scrabbling leisurely among the fallen leaves with the clawed toes of his forefeet, grasping with the nailless opposable thumbs of his hindfeet the trunks of bushes and saplings and hoisting himself up into them to look placidly around him in the darkness. He finds, presently, a little shelter that will serve as den: the concealing lee of a boulder, a hollow in a fallen log. He settles quickly into the pattern of his adult days, a pattern slow and unhurried as his infancy was, easy and deliberate, making no quick demands on the small brain in his pointed skull.

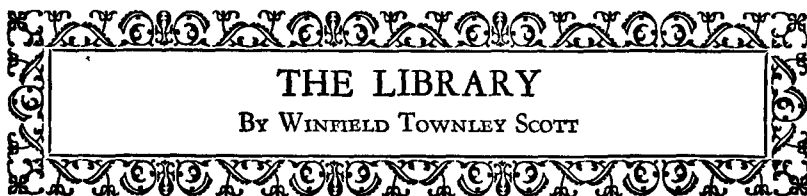
By day, mostly, he dozes, curled in his shelter. With the coming of the dusk, he rouses and sets out on indolent hunting. As protective compensation for his dimness of mind, he has not only a sluggish life rhythm, a physical strength and adaptability to his world, and an instinctive habit of venturing abroad only in the concealing darkness, but also a greater gift: the gift of omnivorousness. He need devise no stratagems and skills in hunting.

Almost all foods are acceptable to him. Prowling the stream bank in the summer night, he finds frogs, snails, stranded minnows, which are ready provender. Clambering into the tree tops, skillfully as a slower and heavier squirrel, he grasps branches with his prehensile tail, to steady himself, and munches seeds, fruits, insects. Placid, blinking his black eyes in the moonlight, he stuffs himself with the birds' eggs of summer, the nuts of autumn, the persimmons that ripen when frost comes. His fifty primitive teeth, strong as a fox's, chomp busily all night.

If he lives, the latter autumn will find him entering into a fitful sleep of hibernation, his mind dimming in bitter weather as protectingly as it came into gradual consciousness in the spring, then waking in milder spells to its normal low-keyed awareness again. And if, before the autumn comes, he should be killed by one of the many enemies that beset opossum life as all other lives, even his death is no vivid and rigorous episode. When the panting fox overtakes him, when the wildcat pounces, he may hiss and growl a little, showing his teeth. But that is all. It is no part of an opossum's dim and gentle nature to give battle. At the first snap of the enemy's teeth, he sub-

sides and curls up and appears to sleep or die. He "plays 'possum." Naturalists used to think he did it purposefully, as a wily trick. But the mind of an opossum is not an astute mind, privately clever. As Burroughs said, a 'possum is not himself wise: "Nature has been wise for him." His "playing 'possum" is not a trick. It is a sudden, unwilled lessening of all his vital powers, and a blotting out of his consciousness, brought on by shock. His opossum nature is not geared to quick and startling happenings. His nervous system cannot accommodate itself to the sudden and terrifying. The opossum is simply shocked, by an assault, into the unconsciousness of a faint.

And so it comes about that even his death has something of the tranquillity, the dim peace, that has pervaded his living. When the predatory teeth reach his vitals, the opossum does not know it. The flickering little light that glowed in his small brain — the hazy understanding that comprised not much more than a knowing of the good smell of maternal fur, the pungent taste of persimmon, the obscurely apprehended joy of slow swingings in high, moonlit branches — has long before that time been automatically extinguished into its last oblivion.



THE LIBRARY

BY WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

From Hugo to Bernhardt to Shaw

A STUDENT of such matters may one day plot the course of biographical writing from the nineteenth into the twentieth century — from the literary monuments of Victorian times to the bean-shooting of Lytton Strachey, the mud-slinging of his imitators, and beyond. Such a graph may show just when post-war debunking gave ground to pre-war sympathy in the biographical arts. No doubt the line would run somewhat parallel to the general mood in society and politics: from deliberate hilarity to deliberate disillusion, from disgust to despair, from desperation to determination. In any case, it will bring us to this day, when the will is upon us to search out what was good, true and honorable in the past. We seem done with mocking.

Of course, the graph would have to make allowances for exceptions. There has been no neat chronology of styles in biography. Ponderous monuments of official moralizing have been set up in the past twenty years. Cold dissection sur-

vives, nimbly enough, in the “profiles” and “portraits” featured by a number of national magazines.

Yet a number of new biographies — Matthew Josephson’s *Victor Hugo*,¹ Louis Verneuil’s *The Fabulous Life of Sarah Bernhardt*,² Hesketh Pearson’s *G. B. S.*³ — remind one again of the sharp turns in biographical approach that even the youngest of us have witnessed. For all these lives have been fabulous, and peculiar, enough to make excellent game for a Strachey.

Different as they are, the personalities of Hugo, Bernhardt and Shaw are about equally tremendous. Hugo’s humorless egocentricity, Bernhardt’s lush career, and Shaw’s more or less sincere public megalomania are fair targets, if there ever were, for satire. But instead of satire, what we get in *Victor Hugo* and *G. B. S.* is honesty, salted with wit and generally seasoned with perspective. And

¹ \$3.50 Doubleday, Doran.

² \$3.50. Harper’s.

³ \$3.50. Harper’s.

even in the absurdly adoring book on Bernhardt, there is an intent to tell the truth though the coarser grains of it must be "interpreted" sweetly. The intent falls short in the *Bernhardt*, and is necessarily incomplete in *G. B. S. Josephson*, however, calls his book "a realistic biography," and succeeds in making it just that. Both Pearson and Josephson are beyond piety and beyond desecration; they write of men whom they admire greatly but whose faults they admit and even expound — but they come out with their admiration intact and justified.

This is where we have come with biography. It is a long way from Strachey, but an even longer one from the Victorian age — and we have come by way of Strachey, Gamaliel Bradford, and the rest. As I say, even Verneuil, who wallows in piety and grows white at the thought of desecration, wants to give a true account.

What a terrific trio their subjects are! Hugo's life began in 1802, Sarah's in 1844, Shaw's in 1856. Now eighty-six, Shaw has lived the longest, but only by a little. Hugo was eighty-three at his death, Sarah seventy-nine at hers and acting, one-legged, be-wigged, be-painted but still apparently enchanting, to the very end. Hugo

was making love to chambermaids or anyone else female and handy even in his late seventies. And as everyone knows, Shaw, if he never at any time cared much about making love — except by post to ladies pleasantly not handy — is still acting. Beside their great ages and great fame, the three have the theatre in common. Altogether, they stretch over 140 years of time and each revitalized the theatre. Indeed, though in the already established Ibsen tradition, Shaw helped make over the romantic theatre that Hugo created and Sarah triumphed in.

The three make links in time. Sarah knew Hugo; Shaw, as a young dramatic critic, reviewed at least one Bernhardt performance. I know of no record that Shaw ever gazed upon the great romantic of the nineteenth century. Hugo was in exile at Guernsey when Shaw was born in Dublin; and when Shaw descended upon London in 1876 to begin, at twenty, his conquest of England, Hugo was living in Luxembourg and anyway felt differently from the young Irishman toward London: when Hugo once arrived there, he looked around and immediately asked how to get away. But on Bernhardt's life. Hugo had some influence, not always propitious.

Hugo lived to return in his old age to France, to present Sarah with a jewel after one performance, to embrace her at yet another. He should have. Sarah, as a hopeful but not very promising young actress of twenty, had innocently chosen to recite some of Hugo's verse before the private and royal audience of Napoleon III and family. (It is her only innocent act on record.) Napoleon, whose rape of political power had sent Hugo into exile and who had in turn been mocked around the world by the name Hugo's venomous pamphleteering had given him, "Napoleon le Petit," walked out on the recital.

In 1877, Hugo was back in Paris, Sarah on her way to greatness. She played in a revival of Hugo's *Hernani* which two generations before had rocked the Paris theatre. The master wept. "That tear which you caused to flow," Hugo said in a note next day, "is yours. Allow me to present it to you," and sent her a drop-shaped diamond on a gold chain, which Verneuil reports he saw Sarah wearing forty-five years later, in the third act of his *Régine Armand*.

II

Hugo was a romantic old dog as he had been a romantic puppy.

Nevertheless, his life and his character had altered immensely. His romanticism, though lecherous in age, was all literary in youth. By his mid-twenties, he was famous as a poet, a leader in France of the "romantic revival," full of Gothic mysteries and passionate denunciations of the "classic" mode of the Academicians. Handsome, well-married, prolific in bed and book, Hugo was a conqueror. His ragged days, unlike Shaw's, were brief; he came to his triumph quickly. Once his marriage turned cold, he protected it fondly for decades and afforded not only one mistress for life, but for several years two of them. Well-to-do, successful, he was both adored and hated. A dandy in his dress, a collector of bric-a-brac for a fine home, Hugo shone as a luminary in society. Royal accessions, births and deaths were celebrated in his verse. Yet he became a republican, a long-term political exile and an international figure in the cause of freedom.

The fact that Hugo suffered for what he believed is disproof enough of the charge, widely popular during *his* debunking, that Hugo was an opportunist. He felt himself the reflector of his century; he grew up with it. Son of an officer in Napoleon's army, Hugo was bred in a

class that did not question the strong man or royalist concept of government. He reflected his country's complacency with the status quo, its romantic nostalgia for the Emperor, its impatience with a growing oppression that at last denied what its great Revolution had promised. "Victor Hugo," Josephson says, "turned romanticism — originally belonging to the Christian Royalists — toward democracy; romantic literature becomes henceforth the medium of democratic movements in the nineteenth century, and that outcome is peculiarly Victor Hugo's contribution."

It is after the Revolution of '48, when Hugo served as a Deputy, that Josephson's readers are most likely to give up regarding the Frenchman as an astonishing, not very likeable literary monster, and to succumb to the impact of his greatness. The conservatives won again in the 1850's, but Hugo meantime spoke liberal truth in one smashing oration after another. "Ah!" he said once in the Chamber, assailing the clerical party, "you would stop it all! Alas, I say to you again, with deep regret, I who have no wish for upheavals and catastrophes, if you reject progress, then you shall have revolutions! To those so mad as to say:

'Humanity shall go no farther,' God answers with the trembling of the earth!'"

He continued to be a great man, reaching from Italy to America in democratic causes, writing *Les Misérables*, standing in his exile like a titanic reminder of human liberty. His ego was colossal, his personal relationships overbearing, but his integrity unmistakable. Though it may not have been intended to do this so precisely, Josephson's biography exactly illustrates the wish of biography to re-evaluate in terms of current thought. In recent years the only popular remark about Hugo has been quotation of the aesthetic Frenchman's answer to the question, Who is the greatest French poet? — "Victor Hugo, alas!" Now he emerges again, with no alas about it, when the burning desire of his life illuminates our own best hopes. In Matthew Josephson's hands, this emergence is an admirable performance in the art of biography.

III

For Louis Verneuil's *Fabulous Life of Sarah Bernhardt* one cannot say much on the grounds of biographical art. Much of it is interesting, but there are too-lengthy

chronicles of Sarah's theatrical progress and the book is written from such a partisan point of view that it is neither complete nor accurate, as its author would have it. What makes it worth notice is the fact that it contains a great deal of information about Sarah, some of it hitherto unpublished, and that, however imperfectly, it reflects the personality of one best described as a hell of a woman.

Its revelations are not equally substantial. One is bound to credit the new information that the father of Sarah's illegitimate son, Maurice, was Prince Henri de Ligne. On the other hand, M. Verneuil seems overzealous in narrating Zola's part in the Dreyfus case as something Sarah Bernhardt put him up to.

Louis Verneuil knew Bernhardt, and for a brief while was married to her granddaughter. As a remarkably young successful playwright, he wrote in 1919 and 1921 two full-length plays for the Divine Sarah and thus earned her gratitude and confidence. Sarah needed money, acting was her life, but she never walked a step after the amputation of her right leg in 1915 and all she could do on the stage was appear in fragments of plays she had once thrilled the world with — those fragments in which she needn't move about. To these

requirements, Verneuil tailored two plays: Sarah needn't move, but she could appear enough to dominate them.

In these last years of her life, Verneuil was constantly with her. He worshipped and listened and she talked of a life that had begun illegitimately, had risen from weak beginnings in the theatre to incredible successes, included great and small love affairs and the overall creation of a legendary figure. Verneuil's book paints the legend. Sarah's love must be the greatest, her personality the "most outstanding," her artistry the "greatest of all time," and even her daughter-in-law "the most charming . . . in the world." That is the tone of the book.

Not the most obvious, but assuredly one of the reasons Sarah Bernhardt could not have been all these things is that Bernard Shaw was also in the world. Hesketh Pearson, Shaw's best biographer, has his superlatives, too, and if he errs in supposing ours will be remembered as the Shavian Age (after all, there have been so many other meddlesome people in our times!), he is no doubt correct in judging Shaw as the first considerable playwright in English since Shakespeare and, as such, worth a "Boswellian biography."

That description of his latest portrait is Shaw's own and he should know — he has had a hand in it all. Thousands of his own latest words sparkle in Mr. Pearson's by no means lethargic text to inform us of his Micawberish father, his days of novel-writing and penny-pinching in London, his soapbox days of Fabianism with the Webbs, William Morris, H. G. Wells and others, his adventures into sex with one Jenny Patterson and later with actress Florence Farr, his sensible marriage to a rich, adoring wife, his epistolary affairs — he liked them so much the best, for after all he was shy under his arrogance and cold behind his brilliance — with Ellen Terry and Mrs. Pat Campbell, his outspokenness in war and peace, his plays all the way up to *Saint Joan* and all the way down again, and his everywhere constant premise that this is a world of fools with one notable exception.

This is the man whom Wells called a "sexless biped," whom Yeats dreamed about as an incessantly chattering machine, to whom Ellen Terry wrote: "I'm not clever. I never was, and sometimes, looking at you . . . I hope I never shall be!" He genuinely enjoyed his mother's and his sister's cremations and, as added warrant of his

approval of that process, he bought stock in crematoria in and around London. Yet he has his charm, for all have testified to it who have known him. (Pearson thinks Shaw, given the chance, would have charmed even Kipling.) He has his kindness and his loyalties, as Ellen saw when she at last met him, and as the record of his friendships with Oscar Wilde and Frank Harris and his reverence for Morris reveal.

Written so near the throne, Pearson's biography might be suspect. Actually, biographer and subject quarrel gaily in text and footnote. Pearson has the salt nearby when he wants it and the whole performance adds up to a long but lively account of a brilliant, mischievous old boy. Shaw has spoken his mind on any and all occasions and, with all his acting, it is one of the keenest minds English literature has had. At this date, it cannot be wholly explained any more than Shaw's plays can be finally judged. Pearson wisely labors at neither task but constructs a "full length portrait" of the man as he has lived and still lives. Brainier, he seems utterly alien to the emotional richness of Hugo. The great Frenchman once soberly inscribed a photograph of himself, "Victor Hugo listening to God." Shaw would never be doing the listening.

THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

STALIN, by Emil Ludwig. \$2.50. *Putnam*. Oversimplification of recent Russian history is branching out as a sort of school of literature. This political pot-boiler by Emil Ludwig, we regret to say, deserves a place beside *Mission to Moscow*. But whereas the ex-ambassador's puerilities are frankly the product of historical illiteracy, Dr. Ludwig's posture grandly as erudition and profound psychologizing. Mr. Davies, for instance, admits that he solved the mystery of the Soviet blood-purge trials in one flash of intuition somewhere near Chicago, but Dr. Ludwig goes through the motions of "analyzing" them to reach the conclusion "that the spirit of history has vindicated" Stalin.

In his famous Last Will, the dying Lenin warned against the concentration of power in Stalin's hands. "I am not sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution," Lenin wrote. In quoting this, Dr. Ludwig merely omits the word "not," thus turning condemnation into approval! That sort of thing is so raw that one must assume a typographical error. But typesetters and proofreaders can scarcely be blamed for the distortion of elementary facts and offhand verdicts on events the author doesn't begin to understand. They can't be blamed, let us say, for the mentality which brackets the stillborn Stalin Constitution with the Rights of Man and the Declaration of Independence as the three great documents of modern humanity. The one contribution to our understanding of Stalin which this book makes is the author's discovery that the Georgian is "the only dictator who doesn't wear a necktie."

If Dr. Ludwig thinks that the Russian people will be grateful for such drivel, he merely offers one more proof—over and

above the proofs that abound in the book—that he has no inkling of the character of the nation about which he writes. As a historian, he might ponder on the fact that the Russian people fought bravely against Napoleon without illusions about Czar Alexander I, and against Kaiser Wilhelm a century later without illusions about Nicholas II. — E. L.

THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER, by William Bradford Huie. \$2.50. *L. B. Fischer*. This is the book which was previously announced as a joint effort by Mr. Huie and Col. Hugh J. Knerr. Colonel Knerr's name and some of the "official" aspects were lost in the censorship mill, but the book still remains a powerful indictment of those who opposed the development of American air power and who, even today, are obstructing its proper use.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part tells the story of the struggle by the Army Headquarters Air Force to develop the Flying Fortress during the three years preceding the outbreak of war. The chapter on "The President and Air Power" is particularly interesting at this time. Mr. Huie writes: "It seems unreasonable that a man like Mr. Roosevelt who has been so ready to cast the old aside in other fields, who has shown so little respect for the Past as such, and who has been so willing to experiment with the New, could, at the same time, have given his support to the most reactionary forms in the armed forces. Yet that is exactly what he has done."

The second part of *The Fight for Air Power* considers the employment and development of our air power since Pearl Harbor. There are startling revelations as to what happened at Pearl Harbor, in the Philippines, and in the Java jungles, as our pilots struggled

against heartbreaking handicaps. For the first time, the whole story of the development of the Flying Fortress is told.

The last part of the book details the strategy generally favored by the air generals in our fight against Germany and Japan. Pictures of the twenty-one generals who have led the "fight for air power" are included.

— E. L.

ON BORROWED PEACE, by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. \$3.00. *An American Mercury Book, Doubleday-Doran.* The author is an aristocrat all of whose instincts are thoroughly democratic, a deeply pious Catholic who sided with the Loyalists against the fascists in Spain. In this autobiographical volume, Prince Loewenstein tells his story from the time he left Germany to escape Hitlerism almost to the day of publication. It's an exciting story *per se* — his wanderings, his adventures, the unfolding of his views under the hammer blows of events. But it's a great deal more than that. As one of the leading anti-Nazis, well-connected throughout the world, his personal experience is woven into the very pattern of these amazing years. The book is eminently readable and, incidentally, provides some interesting sidelights on the American scene. The author has been here for a number of years and has lectured widely in American colleges.

A NEW CONSTITUTION NOW, by Henry Hazlitt. \$2.50. *Whittlesey House.* Henry Hazlitt, a distinguished member of the New York *Times* editorial board and a former editor of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, is one of those students of government who believes that changed conditions call for changes in operational methods. No wild-eyed reformer, however, he advocates changes in our Constitution by means of a well-considered plan, one which preserves the spirit of that document while making it more workable for our times. He argues that the present system scatters power among President, House and Senate and therefore dangerously weakens the whole structure, particularly in

time of war. He believes that the remedy is cabinet government, headed by an executive who will have great power but will nevertheless be strictly accountable for the use of it, and will be subject to immediate removal if he is unwilling or incompetent. Whatever your own opinion may be, it is both instructive and encouraging to read such level-headed, well-informed criticism.

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A Study in Command, by Douglas Southall Freeman \$5.00. *Scribner's.* Dr. Freeman herewith adds to the Pulitzer laurels he acquired with his biography of Robert E. Lee by creating a multiple biography of the men who served under the Southern leader, and projecting it against the background of the War Between the States. The same tremendous grasp of an immense subject, fine scholarship, and sweeping narrative which made "Lee" a landmark in modern biography also characterize this project.

The volume is the first in a series of three. It is subtitled "Manassas to Malvern Hill" and treats of Beauregard, Johnston, Magruder, Hill, Garnett, Stuart, Ewell, Jackson and other leaders in the Army of Northern Virginia as they came upon the vast stage of the war. The second volume will take the story through Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, while volume three concludes the work with Gettysburg and the end of the Confederacy. The remaining two are scheduled for next year.

WORLD IN TRANCE, by Leopold Schwarzschild. \$3.50. *Fischer.* An original and deeply informed account of the two decades "from Versailles to Pearl Harbor." This is historical journalism at its best — not another summation of the facts but a new interpretation based on close-up knowledge. The utopianism and wishful thinking in the democracies which gave Germany, before and after Hitler's accession, the right of way are recorded and taken apart in these pages so devastatingly that the volume should be made obligatory reading for all well-meaning liberals —

especially those who may have some influence in shaping the post-war world. — E. L.

BRAZIL UNDER VARGAS, by Karl Loewenstein. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. The professor of political science and jurisprudence at Amherst has here written what is probably the best and most up-to-date book on Brazil in English. The volume is so comprehensively and so carefully done that it is a veritable encyclopedia of the country, particularly of its more recent history. Dr. Loewenstein argues that the Vargas régime is an "authoritarian dictatorship" rather than a totalitarian or Fascist state, and that the nation is basically liberal-democratic.

THE FLYING TIGERS, by Russell Whelan. \$2.50. *Viking*. Here, at last, is the saga of the American Volunteer Group, complete to the last detail. We have had the story piecemeal from newspapers and magazines, but Mr. Whelan, Radio Director of United China Relief, has gone to sources closed to others and, in a masterly job of reporting and research, gives us the unabridged tale.

FICTION

NEARER THE EARTH, by Beatrice Borst. \$2.50. *Random House*. In this first novel, written with unusual sensitivity and skill, Miss Borst relates the story of a young girl's approach to life. Her heroine is a well-bred "nice girl" whose troubles arise from a conflict of worlds — the ideal, ordered world of childhood and adolescence as it meets the physical realities of the world as it is. This is expressed with such relentless honesty that it becomes a pattern which many another girl will recognize. If, in the end, Miss Borst's heroine discovers she is unable to give herself completely to the world, as did her sister, it is because of the author's uncompromising consistency. The tale is unfinished. One hopes that Miss Borst will ultimately finish it.

BENEFIT STREET, by David Cornel DeJong. \$2.50. *Harper's*. Lively account of a

passel of rooming house characters in Providence, R. I., this is the second novel in which a talented Dutch-American, who has written five, turns from his native land to an American scene. The result is February-Hillish, and good fun. Easy-going girls, footloose oldsters, frustrated young artists — all scattered at last by the 1938 hurricane.

THEN WE SHALL HEAR SINGING, by Storm Jameson. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A less than inevitable conclusion mars an otherwise realistic tale about Nazi domination. Herr Hesse perfects a brain operation which makes his victims dull and docile and its effect on a town and its inhabitants who once were free is done with far less bathos and sensationalism than you might expect.

MEN AT WAR: The Best War Stories of All Time. Edited, and with an introduction, by Ernest Hemingway. \$3.00. *Crown*. Not the least absorbing pages in the thousand-odd crammed into this exceedingly fine anthology are the thirty-one which the editor takes to explain his job. Mr. Hemingway says his book will not tell you how to die, but it will tell you "how all men from the earliest times we know have fought and died. So when you have read it you will know that there are no worse things to be gone through than men have been through before." He goes on to express his opinions outspokenly about this war and the peace to follow.

As one who has seen much war, Hemingway approaches the anthologizing of it with the sureness of a soldier handling a rifle. He divides war into its several aspects as defined by von Clausewitz — as "War Is The Province of Friction" and "War Is Fought by Human Beings" — and within these divisions, he has assembled the best writing about war from Caesar's account of the invasion of Britain down to the Battle of Midway. Because of the anthology's unique plan, you will find Horatius at the bridge next door to "Shiloh, Bloody Shiloh" and Alexander Woollcott only a few pages removed from a
(Continued on page 766)

THE OPEN FORUM

A WOMAN ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE

SIR: Since July, I have been working fifty-five hours a week making — at X factory. I went through two months of intensive training at their own trade school, learning to handle such matters as slide calipers, micrometers, six-shot riveting guns and Dsuz drills. I also learned to read the complex and specialized assembly blueprints, and how to figure everything in thousandths and sixty-fourths. It was a shock to a mental system grown lazy with the complacency of many years of habit.

I went into the factory a bit afraid that all my training was for naught, that a woman would not get a man's job to do. I was wrong. Although diehard old foremen resent like blazes having females underfoot, we were soon accepted and put to work. We women look as obvious as sore thumbs if we aren't busy at something all the time. The old factory hands can fritter away time with ease, knowing how to look busy while cleaning their tools or tatting up some new gadget to entertain themselves. Net result: we women are kept as busy as bees.

Personally, my initiation at the plant was a bit unusual. Two "girls" were picked to work on the final assembly of the center section. It is on a huge jig atop a platform and you do whatsoever your boss man tells you, while the other workers attend to their own jobs. For instance, while I was trying to insert my generous frame into the narrow, jagged interior of the framework of the final assembly to drill out some minute holes for Duralumin bolts to hold some clips in place, right beneath me two riveters would be screaming through the skin of the plane to give each other instructions. Their gun would go off, screaming hollowly right into my eardrums. There would be two men hammering on the outside just over my head and any number of feet and

rear ends would be trying to squeeze into the space I was already struggling to get into. Somehow, the work gets done inside these places. But it is a miracle.

For some time I worked with these men, but suddenly they needed extra help on the assembly of the trailing edge. So I was shipped down to this department. And I have been putting trailing edges together ever since.

I have chipped my knuckles, got bulges in the weirdest joints, and generally developed into a good runner-up for Breitbart the Magnificent. I have had to fight small battles as one of the first two women to work in a department whose head man had women put under his direction in spite of his blasting rages. All mistakes, for the first few weeks, were ascribed to me. I learned to take "advice" only when it was given twice in the same vein. Bum steers get more prevalent as the fellow-workers see you can do as well as they when it comes to passing final inspection.

The chief discombobulation to my way of life, however, has come through driving through my woodsy roads at 6 A.M., after rising in the dark at five, going twenty miles, picking up riders, and reporting ready for activity, whatever it may be for the day, at five minutes to seven. On Mondays and Tuesdays, I work until 5:30. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays until 4:30. And on Saturdays until 3:30. This seems to sum up to the 55-hour week permitted for "ladies" legally. The men work Sundays and there *is* talk of getting special dispensation legally to use the experienced women on Sundays, too.

There may be big money made in war plants, but I should not say it is made here. I don't complain, but I know that the men who work a seven-day week, in spite of overtime, are not waxing rich. I know that I, personally,

get sixty-five cents per hour and no raise for three months, then a nickel raise. You should see me heaving beams about, banging, drilling, burring, filing and even riveting with an air squeezer — me in my baby-blue uniform and hair in a Lily-Daché turban. . . .

The straight-shouldered, white-haired little mechanic who works at the bench next to mine is General Denisoff, the General who briefly took St. Petersburg back from the first Red Army, and a woman I lunch with in the vast cafeteria is Ludmilla Isnard, formerly champion tennis player in Russia. And there are girls who are out of finishing school, girls who are married or soon will be married to soldiers, mothers who have sons and daughters in the factory and society ladies whose well-groomed sons call for them after their ten-hour stint in shiny cars, calling "Here I am, mummy!" through the chaos of thousands of departing workers. It is interesting, sometimes actually thrilling, to see how the erstwhile serenity of the male workshop has been invaded and conquered by a cross-section of the female population. There are bad 'uns, of course, and silly ones and glamor girls by the hundreds. But for the most part, the females are eager to be a help, do what they are told carefully and earnestly, and actually earn the reluctant admiration of the most hard-bitten.

L. L.

Connecticut.

PROHIBITION

SIR: I am writing to you and to the editor of *Reader's Digest* in protest over the statement . . . copied from your magazine, which implies that the Germans are responsible for the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. (The reference is to "Boston's War on Rumors," by Elsie McCormick. — ED.)

I hope that I can hold my temper sufficiently to write sanely. The effort to make America dry began before Hitler was born and will continue after his death, because abstinence is morally right and drunkenness is wrong. Nothing would please Hitler more than for our soldiers to be as drunken as were

the French soldiers. BOTTLES WILL NOT WIN BATTLES!

That there is great need for reform is clearly indicated in the article "They Were Expendable," in the same issue of the *Digest*. Certainly, the swearing and the admissions of drinking that are given in that article lower our opinion of the men. The boats may be all right, but the men to command them and run them should be sober. Many, many years ago, the Women's Christian Temperance Union brought about legislation that took alcoholic beverages out of the Army canteen stores, but I understand that they have now been restored there, so that every encouragement is given to our boys to drink. One would think that they have temptations enough without the deliberate fostering of such temptations by the government. We criticize the Japanese for making opium addicts of the Chinese, but we are doing worse. . . .

There are many of us who are so truly patriotic that we want our country to win this war. It does not appear to us that any real effort is being made to win the war when beer trucks were allowed tires until July 28 but dairy trucks were not. Now, after the beer trucks have been supplied, they are to be rationed. Nor do we approve the use of shipping to bring rum from the Virgin Islands, nor the use of grains and sugar to make liquors here. Many church conventions have expressed these sentiments and Hitler is *not* responsible for them. We believe that if we develop morals, morale will take care of itself.

HAZEL M. WOODRUFF

*Los Angeles,
California.*

ORCHIDS

SIR: Permit me to compliment you on the article in the September issue by Ralph M. Pearson entitled "For Honest American Design." The viewpoint was refreshing and stimulating and the article was well written and clear. More articles like this would be welcome.

FREDERICK A. BURTON

New York City.

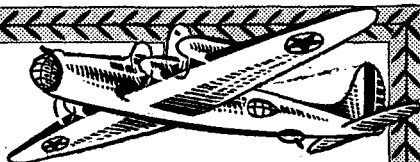
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L. B. FISCHER, 381 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ERIC JOHNSTON, recently elected President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is one of the youngest men ever to head that organization. He is a man of liberal views whom some conservatives call a progressive — or worse. He believes in trade unionism, social justice and the superiority of a free private-enterprise society over any totalitarian system anywhere. Recently designated a member of the National Stabilization committee headed by James F. Byrnes, he is especially interested in post-war employment problems. He is a director of various financial and business organizations and holds honorary degrees from several universities . . . * . . . VICKI BAUM, born in Vienna, long the editor of Germany's leading women's magazine, *Die Dame*, came to the United States in 1931 to see the stage version of her best-seller, *Grand Hotel*. She fell in love with America, Hollywood fell in love with her, and the match made her in due time an American citizen . . . * . . . HECTOR BOLITHO, who is now working with the RAF in a non-combatant capacity, is a British biographer of the first rank. Among his better known works are *Marie Tempest* and *Victoria the Widow and Her Son* . . . * . . . Since he regards Ohio as the pivot of America, if not the universe, ROBERT GUNNING took the trouble to grow up in Chillicothe, get his newspaper training in Cincinnati, Akron and Columbus, and settle his family on country acres near Black Lick . . . * . . . As European editor for *Collier's Weekly* from 1918 to 1920, WEBB WALDRON was one of the first to write magazine pieces on the German revolution, and was the first American magazine correspondent to enter Germany after the Armistice. He has been a homesteader in Colorado, a government Indian agent in New Mexico, a college professor in Arizona, a reporter in Detroit, an advertising copy writer in New York, to mention a few of his experiences. Among his books are *Uncharted*, *Changing the Skyline* and a number of travelogues . . . * . . . Attending physician to the Mount Sinai and Hartford Municipal hospitals, DR. PETER J. STEINCROHN has combined medical service with scientific-medical journalism for more than a decade. He is author of *More Years For the Asking* and *You Don't Have to Exercise* . . . * . . . EDWARD P. MORGAN is the United Press correspondent in Mexico City . . . * . . . HANS HABE, author of the best-selling *A Thousand Shall Fall*, has a novel, *Katherine*, coming out this Spring, and his new play, *Occupied Country*, will be presented in His Majesty's Theatre, London, this season. He has lectured extensively in American Army camps.

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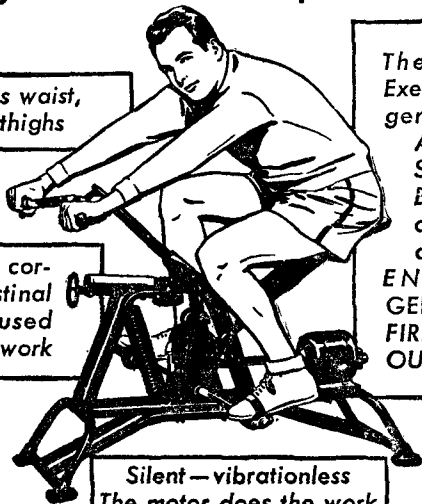
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(Continued from page 758)

Biblical chapter. Much of the material is fascinating stuff which will be unfamiliar to most readers. Mr. Hemingway has unblushingly (and why not?) included some of his own excellent descriptions of war.

It is a big, exciting book, full of the agonies and joys of human life. Nearly everyone will agree with the editor that war is a thing to be hated, but they will agree with him, too, that wars happen, and when they happen, they have to be won because "defeat brings worse things than any that can ever happen in a war." And in war, as this book clearly demonstrates on every page, the noble, imperishable spirit of the individual rises above every struggle. You will find only good, true writing in Hemingway's anthology. — J. T.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; Editor, Eugene Lyons, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; Managing Editor, John Tebbel, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; Business Manager, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.
2. That the owners are: The American Mercury, Inc.; Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Eugene Lyons, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. W. Ferman, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 22nd day of September, 1942. Gertrude J. Huebner, Notary Public.
[Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

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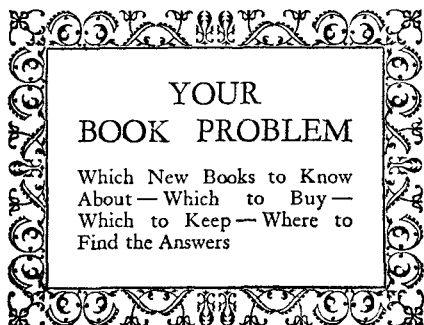
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LET'S BEGIN with some figures. In the eighteen years since The Saturday Review of Literature was started, somewhere in the vicinity of 117,000 books were published. Next year, you can add 7000 more books to that list. Not all, of course, are going to compete for popular acceptance or will even be offered to the general public. But there will be enough to frighten anyone who feels that one of the marks of an enlightened, well-informed person is his ability to know something about books both new and old; to know what they stand for and the place they occupy in their fields; to know which ones of them it is important that he read.

For such a person, there is a world of ideas and intellect as well as a world of events and headlines, and he has the background and perspective to see each in relation to the other, as well as in relation to himself. His interest in books is as genuine as it is unassuming; as balanced as it is exacting.

A book review medium is obviously his first and best aid. But even here he is likely to want a certain type of book review. He is suspicious of reviewers who try to "top" the authors; he doesn't question the honesty of the average review, whether it appears in a newspaper or magazine, but he comes to recognize, after a while, which ones are as careful to warn the reader about a book's limitations and faults as they are to commend its virtues; he comes to know, too, which reviews he can count on for sound advice, which reviews give him the feel of what's new and vital in the book world.

The Saturday Review attempts to address itself to such a person. This is a pretty large

order and we are not so foolish as to think that the magazine always succeeds in filling it. But that this is the purpose and direction of the SRL, there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any question about this: the magazine seeks out reviewers who represent the pick of the nation's critical literary talent. These reviewers know that the one thing required of them above everything else is their honest opinions of the book before them.

But sifting out and reporting on books is not the only function of the SRL, although it must be emphasized that it is the basic one. The Saturday Review is also an organ of serious culture, approaching the other arts through books, in much the same way that *L'Illustration*, perhaps the leading periodical in pre-Vichy France, approached French culture through art. So that the Review, far from being one-sided, realizes that books are only a medium of expression in which all the other arts share.

Even more important, perhaps, is the Review's conception of its role in a world at war. It would be easy for the Review to fool itself into thinking that literature for literature's sake is enough. But such an ivory tower pose is as foolish as it is futile. Literature must be related to events. That means emphasizing in articles and reviews those books which capture the spirit of the times and help readers to understand the times.

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